



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
"Moosehead Lake Vacations: 2004 & 1852"
"How I Built a Boat" - "Saipan Dinghy"

Volume 22 - Number 21

March 15, 2005



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In this issue you will find two stories about adventuring on Moosehead Lake in Maine's North Woods. Ken Murphy (who also writes "The Joys of Nature" column for us) drove about 700 miles from his home in Maryland to meet with a couple of other members of the Shallow Water Sailors and indulge in some sailing on this large backwoods (well, sort of) lake. Ken reported on this adventure in the *Shallow Water Sailor* (Ken also does that group's newsletter!) and gave me the okay to reprint his tale.

I already had in hand an 1852 narrative concerning a holiday at Moosehead Lake, this one culled from an old Washington, D.C. newspaper by contributor Dick Winslow, who contributes chronicles of his own wilderness river canoeing adventures to our pages. Of course, this juxtaposition suggested to me that I print both stories back to back to illustrate the contrast that 150 years has wrought in our outdoor recreation.

The 1852 narrative is a bit short on boating recreation because such a thing hardly existed at that time. The boats the author encountered on his holiday were means of transportation, used to "get where he was going," although one outing during his stay around Moosehead in a "birch" did provide a sampling of small boat recreation. In 1852 there were no canoes or kayaks in use as middle class playthings. The Indian canoes were birch bark ("birchs"), the wood/canvas "traditional" canoe had not yet been invented. Kayaks were what the Inuit paddled far to the north. Rowboats were functional craft for fishing and carting stuff from boat to shore. There were no day sailers and yachting for only the very wealthy was just getting underway in major urban areas.

So our narrator for the 1852 Moosehead Lake outing mostly indulged in boating as part of his transportation into the North Woods, and it wasn't all that reliable. The steamboat that took him the length of Moosehead outward bound had later come a cropper on a rock so upon his return he found its replacement was a sorry ship, "we made the passage of 40 miles in an old ark which contained an engine, if we may credit the smoke pipe protruding from the deck."

Despite the small attention paid in the narrative to the boats involved, I felt it was too good a first person look at how one "got

away" in the early years of steam powered travel. When the author encountered an ox team powered "railway" at the northern end of Moosehead, one that he could walk faster than, especially when its conductor stopped to pick blueberries, he mentioned how the term "railroad" elicited visions of 40mph! While Ken had driven 700 miles in two days towing a boat in which to simply sail around in, our 1852 adventurer had ridden that 40mph railroad from Boston to the railhead at Waterville, Maine, and then a dusty, bumpy stage for two days to get to the southern end of Moosehead and its steamboat.

When Ken and his friends cut short their vacation due to impending rainy days (which they knew were coming from long range weather reports) they loaded up their boats on their trailers and drove home at 60mph or more right from Moosehead. Our 1852 adventurer, after regaining the southern end of the lake, was low on funds and so could not indulge in that two-day stage ride. Instead, he left at dusk on foot and hiked the lonely stage road through the night to gain the railway!

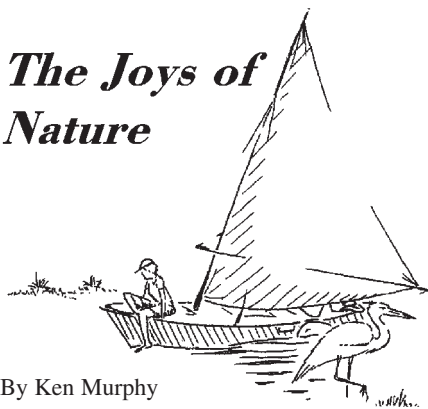
Reading about how it was then reminded me of the peculiarity of our interest in small boats today. We have all we need in modern high speed transportation options, including crossing bodies of water at high speeds under power for fun or to get where the fun begins. But we contrarily go out in small human or wind powered craft for enjoyment, often travelling at about a walking pace, something our 1852 predecessor did not do by choice.

Here we are at the leading edge of the ongoing human quest for more speed and ease when going anywhere, and some of us retrogress back to the hard ways of yore for recreation. Anyone laboring in 1852 to get anywhere, such as our adventurer, would be flabbergasted (a word I believe would be understood in 1852) to find some of us messing about in small boats that didn't even exist then, boats that were not the logical extension of the desire for more speed and less work. Here we are hard at work rowing or paddling despite all these marvelous "engines" about to do that work for us. Or even wrestling with the vagaries of wind power to achieve very nominal rates of speed. How come?

On the Cover...

Lyw Westrick ready for an outing on Deep Creek Lake with his Dad, Lyw's photo essay in this issue shows us some of the action.

The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

They are Amongst Us

It gives me such pleasure to receive emails from you messabout boaters. Messages from Alaska, Canada, Newfoundland, and the good ol' USofA. So I'm hoping this article will net a bunch more emails.

The topic is how wildlife isn't so wild anymore. Personally, the best example of this involves the deer herd that frequents the Murphy's backyard. I have counted 15 deer strolling about the yard chomping in our flowerbeds. One morning an eight point buck was right up close to our house demolishing a patch of daylilies. I stuck my head out of the door thinking he would run away. But all

he did was raise his head, with a lovely yellow daylily in his mouth, which he slowly chewed and swallowed. His expression was not one of concern, but one that seemed to say, "please leave, don't you see I'm busy here!"

What prompted me to write this column was a *Washington Post* article about 20 bald eagles that have moved onto Rosalie Island along the Potomac. This might not seem too spectacular until you are told that this island holds up the east end of the Wilson Bridge in Washington, D.C. This is the busiest and noisiest place in Washington, with 200,000 vehicles passing by each day. Adding to all the traffic noise is the construction going on right next to the bridge where a replacement bridge is being built. In fact, it is the construction workers who are paying the closest attention to the birds. They have actually given the breeding pairs names. The first pair came in 1999 and the workers named them George and Martha Wilson. They were quite successful in raising young over the years. Last year they raised triplets named by the bridge workers, Ginny, Mary, and Doc, after the two nearby states and the District. Today there are about two dozen bald eagles living on Rosalie Island and fishing the Potomac.

It wasn't long after I started writing this column that more news came in. This time it was two pairs of coyotes being spotted along

Rock Creek. This creek has delighted Washingtonians since the Capitol was established. It flows straight through D.C. to its very center. We have heard about fox along the creek for years, but now it can boast about being home for coyotes! What will be next! Would love to hear more tails, excuse me, tales, about wildlife visiting your backyard and cities.

Contributions to this column should be emailed to Ken Murphy at <kgmurphy@comcast.net>



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MAIB Content... Pros & Cons Wrap-up

Compliments for Everyone

This is to compliment everyone involved in the January 1 issue. The periodic "Beyond the Horizon" column is riveting. Where does Hugh Ware find all this stuff? It made me feel I had cruised the seven seas in detail. The story about the *Mirabella* was stupefying. I can't believe the mast won't snap in a blow or the entire hull won't break up. And then the mega motorboats!!

Finally, Robb White. Please have him ramble on some more on any subject. He is entirely convincing whether cleaning the corpse out of his fantastic Cadillac or selling Marvel Mystery Oil. Does Coca Cola really eliminate windshield wiper streaks? How about antifreeze as a fungicide? And Brasso for warts?? Marvelous.

Alfred Mayor, New York, NY

Lot More Restrained

It is about 15 degrees out as I write this so there will be no working on the half built Fred Shell boat I have in the garage and it is too cold to get the Harley out, so I will write this instead. "Bravo" on your response to the rather lengthy tirade that appeared in the "Opinions" section of the January 15, 2005 edition. You were a lot more restrained than I would have been.

I like Robb White's articles and writing style. I am amazed how prolific he is and still seems to have time to do a lot of other interesting things (sense some envy here). Keep up the good work, Robb! I also look forward to the "Beyond the Horizon" stuff. Very interesting.

As for the "bad" language in your publication, your critic would last about five minutes on a tuna run out to the Canyon with my bunch before his ears fell off. Most people I know use similar language and worse. Salty language for a salty magazine perhaps? Is there a "Born Again" boating magazine? I would suggest your critic subscribe to that.

You keep the good work up as well, Bob.

Dane J. Martindell, Manchester, NJ

The Complete Writings of Robb White

I was surprised to see a lengthy letter to the editor maligning Robb White in the January 15 issue. Robb's stuff is the first thing I turn to when I get each issue. I find it interesting, informative, and entertaining. His stuff is usually family-oriented, illustrative, and positive. I am rarely disappointed. I would suspect that the silent majority who are fans of Robb represent roughly 90% of your readership. The language used is not offensive to me. I see no reason to change what has so far turned out to be a successful formula.

Most Messers are not familiar with Jeff Cooper, who has written a monthly newsletter for at least 30 years. It is not easy to become one of those who receive that newsletter. Occasionally Jeff will bind up

roughly five to ten years of his columns and publish them as a volume of his work, which sells quite well to those who come to drink from his fountain of knowledge. I mention this because I think it would be a good idea to publish Robb's complete writings in an occasional volume, with a few more photos.

Mark White (no relation that I know of),
Pelham, AL

BRAVO! BRAVO!

To you on your response to Ken Abrahams' criticisms in the January 15 issue. *Boatbuilder* is right for him. I continue to love your magazine and look forward to every issue. It is my favorite magazine. I like some articles and do not like some but usually read all of them.

I look forward to all the Robb White articles. He has a very unique way of writing which I like. I thought his book was also great. It reminded me of my days as a kid. Keep Robb coming in every issue, if possible.

Thanks for a great magazine.
Dale Niemann, Clearwater, FL

It Works for Me

I have to say that the type of content you try to include certainly works for me. One of my primary interests is boatbuilding, but I can understand the costs involved in doing comprehensive articles devoted to that. I agree that articles on the subject of "how I built my boat" address the subject very well. I also subscribe to *WoodenBoat* and can always refer to that magazine (or to books on the subject) to get nitty gritty details.

Having said all that, I would like to emphasize that I also enjoy and look forward to the other types of articles in the magazine. I only regret that I didn't subscribe sooner than I did.

E. Nachod, Cincinnati, OH

Bah Humbug

In the daily give and take of life I can see and, yes, even respect the personal point of view of your recent critic. Our mothers for sure taught us to do that, but I would not want to be so prudish as to not enjoy an occasional bit of ribald humor along the way.

Attempting to shelter precious grandchildren and sensitive friends from a little Robb White humor would be a great disservice to them. They will be exposed to much more insidious problems in life such as the mountains of crap on TV, the pushers of drugs, and those who favor and promote same sex marriage. Am I bigoted on these issues, you bet your sweet ass I am.

Hell, he didn't even like the Dispro story! Thanks to Bob Hicks' sense of responsibility to his readers, he gave him the best advice possible. If you do not like any of the contents of *MAIB*, please go elsewhere. There is no contest, Political Correctness has gone mad.

Still keeping a personal subscription leads me to the inescapable conclusion that perhaps your critic is a closet Robb White admirer and fan but does not want people to know. Anyway, thank God, in America we

are all entitled to have and express our own opinions, whatever they may be.

Robb, we are Alladin lamp owners, enthusiasts, and former users of these artifacts at Irene's mother's summer cottage, also the tall chimney coal oil stove with removable square tin oven on top that made beautiful wild berry pies. I would really appreciate if you could send a copy of your mentioned Alladin article to us. We missed it somehow.

Joe Fossey, Barrie, ON

My Feelings About MAIB

I am certain you will receive numerous letters from male messers regarding the highly critical letter in the January 15, 2005 issue. That letter, along with your "Commentary" regarding women messers in the same issue, has prompted me to immediately sit down (even before I read the rest of the issue) and state my feelings about your publication.

Having been born and reared on a wheat and cattle ranch in eastern Oregon, I did not have the opportunity to sail, row, nor build boats at an early age. However, the moment I was allowed to steer my great-uncle's aluminum fishing boat on the Rogue River of Oregon, I was hooked. Then in my college years in California my uncle in Marin County owned a wooden sailboat with a marvelous bowsprit upon which I could stretch out and hear the sounds of the water against the hull, the calls of the gulls, the wind in the sails, and occasionally the snort of a seal as it surfaced. Talk about stress relief!

Then I met this wonderful young man, born and reared in Pensacola, Florida, who built his first boat at the age of seven from wreckage found on the beach after a hurricane, and caulked with tar pried out of the seams at the edge of the street. I still have the paper on which he drew diagrams teaching me how to steer a sailboat. That was on our third date, more than 50 years ago.

I don't remember how many boats have come into our lives since then. Some were wooden, some were "tupperware," some were purchased, some were homebuilt. Now, however, my husband has retired and our yard looks like a combination lumberyard and boatyard. We have a canoe, a dory, a houseboat, another houseboat in progress, all homebuilt, and, until a couple of months ago a 1950s 32' Grand Banks being refinished. One son, in Maryland, has three homebuilt kayaks, the other son, in Seattle, Washington, has a homebuilt sailboat and tugboat, a canoe, a small Boston Whaler, and a C-Dory. At present, my husband is in Seattle attending the Boat Show with our son and two grandsons. That is the reason I was able to get my hands on your latest *MAIB* right away.

My, I do ramble on, perhaps that is one reason I enjoy reading Robb White so much. My intention in writing this is to tell you that I read every issue of your publication almost cover to cover. I do tend to skim some of the more technical paragraphs, but I garner information from every article. I even read the ads! No, I do not have a burning interest in some of the articles, but I realize there are others who find them fascinating. My favorites, anything by Robb White, which remind me of my husband's stories of his youth. I have even read Bailey's books as well as Robb's. I also enjoy "The Joys of Nature," "Window on the Water," "Book

Reviews," "Commentary," "You write to us about..." and the fascinatingly informative "Beyond the Horizon." So, as for me, please don't change a thing.

Some time ago I painted the Wind in the Willows quotation on the inside of our garage door, "There is nothing - absolutely nothing - half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats."

Nancy Malone, Nipomo, CA

Activities & Events...

RICA Whitewater Championships

The Rhode Island Canoe/Kayak Association has been holding the Rhode Island Whitewater Championships since 1980 on the Clear and Branch Rivers in northern Rhode Island. The 2005 race will be held on Saturday, March 19, as the first race of the season in the New England Downriver Series. We are expecting about 100 entries from most of New England states as well as from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. This year, to celebrate our 25th year, we will be giving each racer and each race volunteer a 25th anniversary commemorative tee shirt specifically designed for the race.

RICKA Whitewater Championships,
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02894-0163

Classic Yacht Symposium

The Herreshoff Marine Museum / America's Cup Hall of Fame and the New England Section of the Society of Naval Architects & Marine Engineers are co-sponsoring a Classic Yacht Symposium April 1-3, in Bristol, Rhode Island. This forum concerning the preservation, restoration, reconstruction, and usage of classic yachts will feature six presentations and two panel discussions by speakers deeply involved in this field. Keynote speaker will be famed yacht photographer Benjamin Mendlowitz.

Advance registration is required, call Teri Souto at (401) 253-5000. Visit the Museum website at www.herreshoff.org for information and updates on the presentations.

The ACBS International Antique Motorboating Symposium

The 2005 ACBS Antique Motorboating Symposium to be held at The Mariners Museum, Newport News, Virginia, will provide new insights about Chris-Craft's fascinating path to becoming the leader of the boating industry for more than 40 years.

Former Chris-Craft executives Chris Smith, Don McKerer, and Dick Avery will offer personal insider's views on the company's history. Sessions will include analysis of Chris-Craft boats and their place in the boating industry, practical advice on research, restoration and preservation, and expert demonstrations of restoration methods and techniques. The event is expected to attract boating enthusiasts from all over the North America. Registration is open to all who would like to attend.

The new \$6 million International Small Craft Collection facility displays several pristine Chris-Crafts among its collection of over 70 interesting boats from around the world. The Museum Library also is the home

of the Chris-Craft Collection, unmatched archives of detailed boat information, hull cards, drawings, photographs, and boat manufacturing shop directives. Attendees will be able to research their boats, discover subtle nuances in configurations and hardware among similar boats, and obtain copies of blueprints, drawings, and photographs.

For more information and registration forms call (315) 686-2628 or visit www.ACBS.org

Woods Hole Model Boat Show

On Patriot's Day weekend, April 16-17, the village of Woods Hole, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod will be full of model boats at the 5th Biennial Woods Hole Model Boat Show sponsored by the Woods Hole Historical Museum. Many will be exhibited inside; others, both sail and power, will be out racing in Eel Pond. Throughout the two-day event there will demonstrations, workshops, and talks. There will even be radio controlled submarines. Children's events include building wooden models of the Museum's signature boat, the Woods Hole Spritsail, and sailing them in a pool on the Museum's lawn where radio controlled boats can also be run. Fun for all ages! Exquisite models! There will also be commercial exhibits, appraisals, even songs of the sea.

Park at the Steamship Authority Lot on Palmer Avenue, take the shuttle to Woods Hole, both free with your Model Boat Show ticket. Adult tickets are \$12, children \$6, family maximum \$30, for all events, both days. Tickets available on the days of the event at the Museum and the Community Hall. Information at (508) 548-7270.

Depoe Bay Wooden Boat Show

Depoe Bay Wooden Boat Show/Crab Feed on April 23-24 in Depoe Bay, Oregon, will offer all its usual events plus a great crab dinner at the Community Hall both days, dory challenge races, demonstrations by exhibitors, ducky derby race on Sunday, refreshments by the Rowing Club kids, and a reception for exhibitors at Gracie's Sea Hag Inn late afternoon Saturday. Wooden parts for children to make their own model boats will be available, we had such fun with this project last year that we plan a construction table, a painting table, and a pool in which to float the finished product. Two new D5 sailing/rowing skiffs are in construction and will be at the Wooden Boat Show ready for Rowing Club kids to paint. The Messabout friends plan to donate the boats to the Depoe Bay Rowing Club!

For further information call the Depoe Bay Chamber of Commerce, (541) 765-2889, or Jack Brown, (541) 765-2633, <mjbrown@centurytel.net

Opinions...

Loon Very Interesting Design

Zach Garrett's article on the Loon pirogue/canoe was very interesting. The boat is very much like one which appeared in the July 1966 issue of *National Fisherman*. The NF boat was 18' long and about 33" in beam but shaped much like Loon. In the NF boat the midsection flare was minimal and it was increased in the ends. The bow stem was nearly plumb. The displacement was 500lbs.

vs. 750lbs. for Garrett's boat. The NF boat was a beautiful example of what a good designer and a good builder can do with the sharpie concept. There were some design and construction details which made the appearance outstanding. The designer was Charles W. Bond of St. Petersburg, Florida.

The January 15 issue was filled with interesting articles. Good job, I'd say! I think that some readers have started to think of *MAIB* as a real magazine where the editor gives assignments to writers for feature articles, sorts through unsolicited submissions, and picks out the best and publishes them. With *MAIB* publishing the readers' stories it's dependent on readers to provide the content. To those who complain about the content, I'd say, "What have you sent in for publication lately?"

Thanks for taking on the job of entertaining such a diverse audience, the world would be a sorry and uninteresting place if we all were exactly alike in all ways.

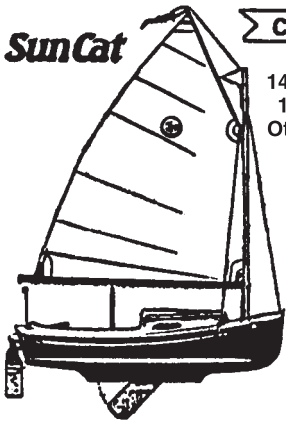
George Fulk, Anacortes, WA

Hey Robb...

I do so enjoy reading many of the articles in your magazine, not the least of which are those by Robb White. I never thought I would get the chance to polish up one of his offerings, but sometimes fate does smile upon this ole boy from New England. I certainly would not want any misinformation to get into Robb's next book, so I offer up, for what it may be worth, my belief that Jimmy Carter is totally innocent of anything having to do with the 55mph speed limit Robb mentions in "Working Skiffs of Franklin County" in the January 1 issue.

I believe full credit must go to Tricky Dick Nixon. What is interesting about this federal mandated speed limit was that it was never a "law" but only an edict that was enforced though the threat of withholding highway funds. It was put into effect during the fuel shortage but was not repealed when the fuel shortage went away. Certainly provides some insight into how government operates, if "operates" is the correct word.

Kent Lacey, Old Lyme, CT



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Boat Building For Beginners (And Beyond)

By Jim Michalak
Illustrations by Alyssum Pilato
Published by Breakaway Books

Reviewed by Jonathan J. Davol

I love books on building boats. I must have 25 or 30 of them and I never met a one I didn't like. So, having given up that I may be a bit prejudiced, I'll admit I like this one, too. The book seems to fall more along the lines of the old Popular Science/Mechanics "you can build a boat yourself" books than the newer glossy photo and philosophy style that we are more likely to see today, but probably falls somewhere between the two. In my mind as I read I get all of the old nostalgia of Pop building the family camp boat back in the day, combined with the modern technologies available to us now.

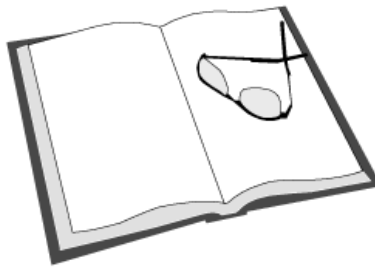
However, before I get too far I should say this book truly is a book for beginners and should be accepted as such. I'm sure anyone who has built a boat or two can find something to disagree with, but it would be best to read it in the spirit it was written and there are plenty of reasons to check it out regardless of your experience.

The vehicles for instruction in this case are plywood chine boats. Specifically, plans are included for a small sailboat, a canoe, a couple of skiffs, a jon boat, and a taped seam rowboat. I know there are some who will turn their noses up at these (hopefully not *MAIB* readers), but the fact remains that they present a great way to learn, or teach, the basics. In fact, even if you have a lot of building experience, looking through the book may have you thinking of a project for your favorite kid or inexperienced friend.

While reading this book and considering what a review should look like, I found myself considering building books I've collected in the past. Most that are directed at beginners don't have near enough background information to get the beginner to sense the myriad issues that are involved with even the most basic small boat project. A lot of the books that are directed at more experienced builders seem to presuppose a knowledge of those basics.

In this book Jim Michalak has done a great job of touching on everything. That should read EVERYTHING in capitals. It's a most impressive and worthy job and is laid out in a way that makes me think that if Jim is not a teacher, he would certainly make a good one. Having said that though, I must say that it is a touch of everything for beginners (and maybe those of us that like to have a little refresher now and then). Many of the issues that an expert might buy a book for are dealt with in a few paragraphs to a couple of pages but he has, however, found a most admirable level to hand to a beginner, neither too simplistic for the projects listed nor overwhelming to someone who just wants to row a boat he or she has built with their own hands.

I'm loath to bore you with what would amount to a table of contents review of what's in the book, but I have to a little bit, it's what had me most excited when I first



Book Reviews

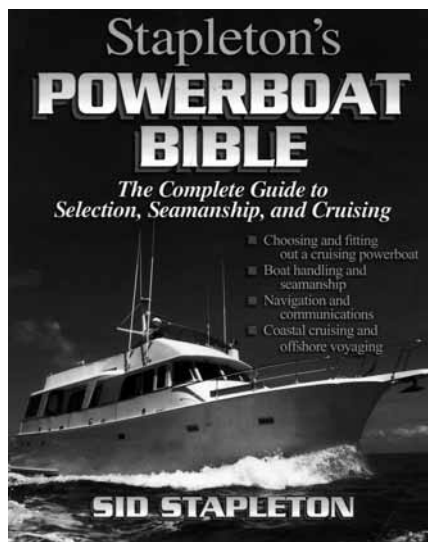
leafed through the book. If you're a "messing about in boats" kind of person you probably will expect a little boat history and talk of design styles, materials, tools, suppliers, terminology, and methodology. You'll also find information on rowing and paddling, sailing for non-sailors, making sails, how to use a powerboat, how to use a trailer or roof racks, weather, and much more.

In conclusion, I would like to sum up by saying that *Boatbuilding for Beginners (And Beyond)* is a very worthy text for someone planning a first boat and it's a book that will remain as ready reference for a long time. Even if you're not planning a new boat for yourself, why not pick up a copy and inspire a friend or youngster to join us in a great hobby.

Stapletons Powerboat Bible The Complete Guide To Selection, Seamanship, And Cruising

By Sid Stapleton
©2002, 2005 - 442pgs (paperbound)
\$18.95 US
International Marine
The McGraw-Hill Companies
www.internationalmarine.com

Reviewed by John M. Klover*



The secondary definition of the word "bibble" is "a book considered authoritative in its field." Sid Stapleton, boating writer whose columns on seamanship and boat handling in *Motor Boating and Sailing* (now *Motor Boating*) magazine may be familiar to the reader, has updated and combined several previous books to produce this comprehensive motor boating tutorial. Stapleton's resume of boating experience is impressive, blue water cruises over a 30-year span in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, the Middle East, Australia, Galapagos Islands, and the Mississippi River.

In addition, with his wife as crew, he voyaged in his 49' Grand Banks motorboat (*America's Odyssey*) from the U.S./Canadian border at West Quoddy Head in Maine down the East Coast, through the Bahamas, the Leeward and Windward Islands to Grenada, thence through the Panama Canal and up the West Coast to Glacier Bay, Alaska, returning to Seattle. Stapleton reckons this voyage lasted 16 months and covered approximately 16,000 miles. Certainly this experience qualifies the author's writings as authoritative. So much for credentials.

The book confines its discussion to deep pocketed sailors with large cruising motorboats who dream of deep water voyages to exotic ports. The reader will soon realize, however, that almost all of the material presented is applicable to most any boater who ventures beyond the horizon, including those with alternate propulsion systems. Perhaps the author is simply not extrapolating his experience to other types of cruising boats to limit the scope of the discussion to avoid an unwieldy book.

The author has divided the material in his book into seven parts, with six appendices that take the reader from dreaming of idyllic voyages in his armchair through the necessary considerations, equipment, and actions required to acquire the dream boat, properly equip it, leave home port, safely venture onto the briny deep, not get lost, communicate, encounter foul weather, survive shipboard emergencies and enter a foreign port and anchor without offending the local boaters or officials. Throughout this very readable text runs a thread of safety, caution, and, as the Boy Scout motto admonishes, being prepared.

Appropriately the Book of Genesis in this bible is entitled, "Choosing a Boat." True to his stated plan the author limits this discussion to large power boats of at least 40' length. He admits he feels more comfortable with a 50-footer. Both displacement hulls and full planing hulls are examined with consideration of the variables of form available in each, their advantages and disadvantages. Diesel engines are assumed and recommended with a good discussion of the pros and cons of single versus twin engines. There is a short discussion of engine vibration damping systems and roll stabilizers for the deep pocket crowd.

Unfortunately, while it is not presented, there could have been a discussion here of motor sailers that provide both roll damping and an escape from the eternal drone of engines on a long passage, especially at night. Stapleton states that the only acceptable hull material below the waterline is a solid composite layup with a heavy gelcoat and a protective coating of epoxy paint. I am sure he will en-counter dissenting opinions on that recommendation.

From the hull and engines the discussion moves to functional layouts and onboard support systems with valuable insight to guide the boater. From there he proceeds to the business aspects of boat ownership, costs, used boats, insurance, where to look, negotiation, trial cruises, and finally boat registration. This section is thorough and is of value to any potential boat owner.

Next is a good presentation of modern marine electronic gear for navigation, communication, and hazard avoidance. No mention is made of learning celestial navigation methods or the equipment required to keep track of the boat's position by this time honored method other than a recommendation to keep a dead reckoning plot in case the hi-tech stuff craps out at the least opportune time.

The more mundane is covered in a good discussion of ground tackle, tenders, binoculars, magnetic compasses, and emergency first aid equipment requirements.

Following the equipment discussion, the text moves to boat handling, seamanship, weather predicting, handling emergencies of both medical and ship-in-distress type, fires, man overboard situations, as well as how to abandon ship, including the proper communication protocol. Finally, there is consideration of cruise planning, international buoyage, lighting, and chart systems as well as the protocol for arriving in foreign ports.

Six appendices are included that furnish comprehensive lists of equipment and spare part requirements for long term cruising plus an excellent listing of resources available elsewhere to assist in planning and executing successful cruises.

As I stated at the outset, this book will prove useful to any boater who plans to venture beyond the horizon from his home port. Experienced boaters may find sections of the book that seem old hat, but I am certain that this easy-to-read treatise will prove useful even to them. The chapters on business aspects, modern electronic equipment, and communications procedures will prove to be especially enlightening.

*John M. Klover is a registered professional mechanical engineer (retired) who has built several boats in his home shop and sailed out of Redondo Beach, California, and Huron, Ohio.



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

A Dawn Duel

This morning's sunrise is just enough more unusual than its predecessors to have me stop and stare, the oatmeal burbling on the back burner half forgotten. Yesterday we had the hoary aftermath of two days of wintry rain, a leaden sky kept any sign of the sun a cruel rumor. The twigs and blades of marsh grass were rimed with ice, as beautiful in its tenacious grip as the plants it covered. Not so beautiful was the black ice under my tires as I drove inland.

As though making up for missing an important event, the sky this morning has invited both Walt Disney and Maxfield Parrish to paint the clouds stretching up over Cape Ann's far promontories. The first indication that this morning was going to be different came from a Tinkerbell-like scattering of reflected light reaching into the back of the cottage. This roseate glimmer tickled my vision as I stirred the oats into boiling water. Having scorched too many pots of porridge being distracted by the antics of seals or seabirds, I shut off the gas before going to investigate.

The sky was two-thirds open without clouds, with only the low cumulus that lay flung across the eastern shore, appearing like so much discarded upholstery material. These clouds' presence indicated there might be more wet weather coming later in the day. This atmospheric apology for the past dreary mornings was one for the books. The sun was still well below the horizon but its power was turned on full force. The clouds pulsed with

the intensity of the clashing dinosaurs from Disney's Fantasia, the music echoed in my head as wave on wave of colour throbbled through the captured water vapors.

As the clouds moved and thickened, I saw the marble gazebo and diaphanous female figures of Maxfield Parrish appear. The palette of colors softened and blended into blue-tinged hues, even the rose and yellows had that misty quality only Parrish could present. Not to be outdone, Disney took the stage again and turned up the wattage, making the cloud bellies giggle with pink elephant pinks and tutu-clad hippo purples. Leaving the canvas with a stroke of Thor hammering on a brilliant yellow lightning bolt, the Anaheim artist faded out to Maxfield's softer tones, until Edward Hopper made a comment and shut the wild party down with a wash of inner city grey, covering the evidence of any frivolity that I might have imagined a few minutes earlier.

Once the sun managed to rise out of the exhausted cloud cover, it shone with a rather malevolent industrial appearance, perhaps a warning to not expect the day to proceed along the pleasant path it started out on. Living along the coast does seem to feed the inner fantasies, few writers could live here and resist the rich cast of characters. Who could not be seduced by daily displays of color and changing cloud shapes? What defense can one offer when confronted with a family of seals basking on the ledges around the day beacon or the curious antics of river otters exploring a tidal stream? The imagination is captured and held hostage by the sheer beauty and larger than life quality of life along the shore.

Montana may claim to be Big Sky Country, but I'll put my view up against any mountain-rimmed stretch of western land and claim the prize for scope and size any morning. The inter-mountain regions can keep the claim of having harder winters, but I'll arm wrestle anyone trying to steal the claim of Big Sky from the seacoast. As I write my impressions of the light show this morning, the sullen quality of the sun hasn't diminished. I expect to hear the weather report to be along the lines of, "Rain moving into the region mid morning, overspreading the entire New England area before nightfall, rain turning to sleet with patchy fog accompanied by areas of black ice on pavement..." I may breakfast on a bowl of lumpy oatmeal, but this morning's short and colorful sunrise should carry me through any amount of nasty weather coming along in the next few days. And there's always tomorrow morning to look forward to!

Available for Review

100 Fast & Easy Boat Improvements Enhance Your Boat On Deck & Below
By Don Casey

The Sailor's Hornbook or ABC With A Veriform Appendix On Racing Terminology
By David O'Neal

Fast Powerboat Seamanship The Complete Guide to Boat Handling Navigation & Safety
By Dag Pike

If you are interested in reviewing any of these books call Bob Hicks at (978) 774-0906, 7-10am or 5-9pm.

First come first served.

Email at your peril, I don't see emails sometimes for several days as they do not come to my office and are held at my daughter's office until we next meet.

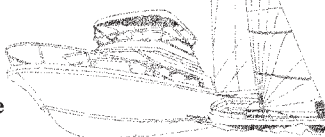


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At Deep Creek Lake

By Lyw Westrick



I am saluting my father. My father and I are about to go on a trip around the lake.



We are in the boat going around the lake. The motor is really loud.

The next day we went on the boat again. It was pretty peaceful. We had the whole lake to ourselves.



That is my dad. We are at the state park. We also had a nice lunch there.

I am looking through my dad's special spy-glass. I see lots of things, like really big houses.





I'm all alone on my little boat, *Sanity*, the Bay Hen I've sailed since 1986. I'm 700 miles from home on a strange lake with no one to talk to. I tried to find the other two Shallow Water Sailor boats scheduled to be here but could not find them. I'm surprisingly lonely, a reaction no doubt partly due to being alone on the road for two long driving days.

I'm anchored in Barrows Cove behind the island at the mouth of Long Pond. The sun has just set and already the temperature has dropped below 80 degrees and is heading toward the 60s, so I begin to button the boat up by putting up the Bimini and zipping on the tent. As I busy myself with this very familiar task, learned over 18 years of *Sanity* ownership, a loon begins calling. I think instantly of Katharine Hepburn and James Fonda in the movie, *On Golden Pond*. There are two of them fishing together. I watch them for awhile, feeling a little less lonely.

Maybe the radio would help a little. No FM stations can be heard, man, we ARE alone. Finally an AM jazz station comes in... nice jazz, feeling better. Oh, then the jockey starts talking. He calls himself "humble" and has a Maaaine accent. He starts talking about his wife, Marsha, the almost perfect woman, and I realize I am very far from Washington, D.C. For two hours humble plays great jazz and tells stories with humor that only people from Maine can fully appreciate. As I write this I have humble on over the internet. Go to www.thehumblefarmer.com and hear for yourself. By the way, he refers to himself as the humble farmer with that lower case "h." After humble's show I felt much better and slept well despite being 700 miles from home.

The pattering of rain wakes me up. Weather forecast reports some morning rain and afternoon thundershowers. The rain stops and I have a quick breakfast and start motoring across the lake. The mornings on the lake start windless, but as the day goes on, the wind builds until in the afternoon it can build to a good 20+kt breeze. Hoping to find the two boats, I point *Sanity* toward the nearest mountain, the 1,789' Mt. Kineo, located just east of Rockwood, the put-in.

This is a narrow section of the lake so it's only a half hour motor across the lake to Kineo Cove, the designated meeting place. A quick look behind a small island inside the cove (I worked in with a paddle to avoid rocks just below the surface), nobody there. As I paddle and motor out from behind the island I see the familiar outline of a Dovekie anchored near the western shore of the cove. Happiness. Soon I'm rafted up with Ted

Moosehead Lake Vacation - 2004

By Ken Murphy
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from the *Shallow Water Sailor*
Newsletters #120 and #121

Tobey on *Tema* who was delayed and got on the lake late last evening. Anchored close by are Emile and Cynthia Birch on their *Clarabell*, a Sanibel 18. We discuss plans over the handy walkie talkies. The sun comes out with no signs of the predicted thunderstorms. With the improving weather we decide to sail northeast on the southeast wind, stopping at Big Duck Cove, a 12-mile sail.

To orient you, Moosehead Lake is 30 miles long (lying north-south) with a width that varies between four to eight miles. The ramp at Rockwood is about halfway up the lake and we decided to investigate the northern part of the lake, which is unpopulated as compared with the southern part.

We had a delightful sail, stopping at Hardscrabble Point on the northwest side of Mt. Kineo for lunch, then a broad reach (surfing at times with speeds of 6kts to Big Duck Cove where we found a nice gravelly beach. The beauty of the spot and the expectation of afternoon storms made the decision

to stay put very easy. The sailors on the other boats immediately took to the water, so incredibly clean and clear. The bottom could be seen at 15' or more. The southern boy hesitated, however, finally stepping in and getting as far up as his waist. He did a little splashing of face and hair, like he remembered his grandma used to do, and got back on the boat. Water temperature was about 70 degrees F; the three northerners got out after ten minutes.

Across the cove from us stood Eagle Mountain at 1,685' elevation. This mountain is reminiscent of the one that Richard Dreyfuss dreamed of in the movie *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, bare sides and a flat top. Add more loon calls, evergreen trees, and the bright water... an iced cup of Black Bush imported scotch (presented to me by son Kevin on the drive up), and the southern boy dried off nicely and happily. A delightful rocky islet stood next to us with hardy evergreens, their roots clinging on for dear life.

We rafted up and got to know each other, one of the delights of belonging to the Shallow Water Sailors. There you are sitting on your little boat, no phones, no noise, with others you may or may not know... and the conversations go on and on. Lots of talk about boats and boating experiences, but then on to many other topics. Both Ted and Emile have hands-on skills. Ted is an expert at refinishing furniture. He worked as an apprentice for many years, then formed his



own company. It seems the best jobs are those that involve old family furniture with many coats of paint. When these pieces are stripped, some beautiful natural woods are often discovered. Ted varnishes them with breathtaking results, the pleased customer glowing with happiness.

Emile is a sculptor, who for the past 30 years has focused on public art, mostly large, multi-ton pieces that dress up towns and cities. He described one job that got my interest. Littleton, New Hampshire, wanted a statue of Pollyanna, a 13-year-old girl who was the heroine in Eleanor Hodgman Porter's (1868-1920) book, *Pollyanna*, published in 1913. The book was a sentimental tale about Pollyanna who always looked on the bright side of things and somehow re-formed her antagonists, restoring hope to the hopeless and generally righting the wrongs of the world. In its time the book, and the subsequent ghost-written series, became so loved, says Emile, that its popularity rivaled that of the current Harry Potter series. Emile got the job and came up with a greater than life-sized statue of a girl with outstretched arms.



It stands outside of the town's library that happens to be built on top of the ruins of Ms. Porter's home. The website where I found the picture has another picture with a dozen people around the statue, all with their own arms outstretched. It got me thinking how, even today, there are people who are optimistic. The term *pollyanna* has entered our vocabulary as a person regarded as being foolishly or blindly optimistic. Somehow Emile's statue, and the optimistic people of Littleton, make me want to be a *pollyanna* in its most positive sense.

We split apart for the evening, getting ready for what looked to be a little rain. As my Bimini leaks, I proceeded to cover it with a plastic tarp to eliminate getting drips on my head and to prevent any dilution of the Black Bush. The two other boats moved off a bit and anchored. Just as it started to get dark a hard rain began, but after an hour it stopped and the rest of the night was peaceful.

Monday started gloomily with rain. We used the family radios to talk about the birds we observed and to make plans when/if the rain stopped. I zippered the tent down part way to keep an eye on things, yet keep the rain out. What a joy to relax with time to con-

template Nature. I began to think how different Maine is from Maryland. We in Maryland have lakes, but they are all artificial, made by constructing dams and backing up stream beds, while here in Maine there are 6,000 natural lakes. There would be crowds of people living here if it were not for the hard winters and clouds of black flies in the early summer (the unofficial Maine State bird).

I took several shots of the other two boats being rained on. At times the rain became so heavy it splashed up off the lake surface water, making the water seem to boil. I sat back and enjoyed the view with some reading, writing, and coffee drinking. Any day on the water, even with rain, is a delight, for there is always an unexpected thing or two to bring life to the soul.

Each Day
Each day we die a little more;
Stale custom takes its toll;
It is the Unexpected Thing
That brings life to the Soul.

Harry Kemp

Slowly straightened my gear up. This is always a problem with me, as I'm not careful in putting things away properly. I lose things for days at a time, then they turn up in surprising places. I really need to work on my stowing discipline. By 11am all gear had disappeared somewhere and the sun came out. We planned to sail north-northwest to the very top of the lake, into Northwest Cove and to the campground at Seboomook. But first we would visit Little Duck Cove just around the corner from our anchorage at Big Duck Cove.

We raised anchor and, keeping Eagle Mountain over our right shoulders, made the sail into Little Duck, another pretty cove. We rafted up and had lunch. Then up anchor and away. Before leaving I put one reef in my three reef sail figuring it would be windy in the middle of the lake. Ted took the lead with me following and *Clarebell* became the rear guard.

The crossing of the lake was exciting. You must understand that I am a conservative sailor and, as the wind built up, I started wishing I had put a second reef in. All the way across we were dealing with heavy winds that would scare me and get me to point closer to the wind to depower the peak of the sail. My tiller arm really started to ache. While I was focusing on keeping the boat upright, Ted, with full Dovekie sail, stepped away and soon became a small dot ahead. No conservative sailor he.

Finally, as we came into the cove, the wind strength reduced enough for me to relax. Ted was sailing back and forth in front of the campground waiting for us. He called out, "Hey, Ken, what happened? Yah know, if you took that reef out ya could have kept up!" I decided not to tell him that I had dearly wanted to put in a second reef.

While Ted waited for *Clarebell*, I motored into the creek where the campground's docks were. I got a nice welcome from a man who helped me tie up the boat. It turned out that he was the Seboomook Campground's owner, Rick Sylvester. Soon the other two boats joined me and we all took a walk around the campground and its general store. Rick's wife Jeannine served us cof-

fee and ice cream and we got ice for the coolers. We did some more walking to stretch our legs and sat on a bench overlooking the Northwest Cove and watched some kids play and swim at the campground's beach.

The sun was getting low in the sky so we decided to split up and anchor separately. Because of the concern for submerged boulders in certain areas you need to be careful. I planned to go across the creek just opposite the campground's docks to a nice protected spot. I ran dead slow and, while standing, watched for any rocks. Several were sticking out of the water but it's the ones just below the surface that are worrisome. I lucked out and got across without a problem and anchored. I was looking forward to the next day's activities. Ted, the leader of the cruise, promised that we would get to see moose tomorrow. So with visions of Bullwinkle in my mind, I fell off to sleep.

Tuesday morning, after a vigorous walk in the campground, the three boat Shallow Water Sailors' flotilla hauled anchor at 10am. We left Northwest Cove and headed south, passing Seboomook Island and noted Center Island several miles ahead. We were sailing close hauled on a nice morning breeze that allowed us to fully enjoy the scenery. What predominates are the evergreens and the 1,600' to 1,800' mountains. Spruce, balsam fir, and pines stand along the shores. These are boreal forests that contain birds such as the spruce grouse, black-backed woodpecker, Canada jay, and the boreal chickadee. We saw very few other boats, the few that we did see looked like fishermen.

Once past Center Island we hugged the western shore and turned behind Moose Brook Island into a cove where Moose Brook empties into the lake. We rafted up for lunch, then made sail again to take a wide right turn passed Toe of the Boot Point into North Bay, then into Socatean Bay, finally coming into the mouth of the Socatean Stream where we anchored. We collected our cameras and Ted picked us up in *Tema* for a trip up the stream.



Ted took us into a forest-tundra where evergreens, dwarf birch, alder, and willows were scattered and where watery bogs predominated. The lower stream has many meandering channels in which one could get lost. We could have felt very isolated, but we actually began to follow other boats looking for the same thing, moose! There were several pontoon boats in the group with as many as 20 passengers. One of these came from the Birches Resort in Rockwood.

We snaked our way through the bogs, looking intently for any wildlife. Though we hoped to see moose we were also looking for otters, beaver, and eagles. We talked in hushed tones and sipped Irish Whiskey and wine while Ted maneuvered around the curves. Then suddenly there it was, a moose.



It was a cow moose leisurely eating water plants. Not a very pretty animal and, as she waded about it seemed a miracle that her long, thin legs could hold her up. She had quite an audience numbering, I would guess, nearly 60 people. But she seemed to ignore us all and went about her business. Slowly the boats edged away, later finding two other cows. No bulls were seen, but we counted ourselves lucky to have seen the three ladies.

On Wednesday morning we got underway at 9:15am and headed south again. Needing provisions, we planned to go up the Moose River to the general store. We had a light wind that finally petered out about halfway to the river, so we motored the rest of the way. *Clarabell* anchored at the mouth of the river because there was a pretty low overhead wire spanning the river and taking down the Sanibel's mast is inconvenient.

We picked up provisions at the general store and ate sandwiches at a picnic table facing the river. A bush pilot made a surprise visit by bringing his plane up the river, where he jumped off on a nearby dock, picked up a package, turned around, and taxied back down and out of sight. Clouds started piling up making the prediction of afternoon showers a real possibility so we shoved off. I wanted the others to see the Barrow's Creek anchorage where I spent the first night.

We arrived and anchored separately, preparing for rain. After a few showers passed Ted and I got a radio call from *Clarabell* inviting us to wine and dinner. We both gladly accepted. I put away the can of Spam that I had dug out for my own dinner, shaved, actually combed my hair, and put on my very best outfit. Ted and I rafted around the *Clarabell* and were welcomed aboard.

Wine was served all around and the conversation started. As we talked, a light rain fell on top of Emile's awning that he had designed and stitched up for the boat. It was great to be comfortably dry and yet be outside while the rain fell. We saw and heard a pair of loons call to one another. Could this be the same pair that sang to me on that very first evening?

Cynthia had a double boiler going heating up her pasta one pot meal. As we talked we learned Cynthia's story. It was no surprise that she, being married to an artist, is also an artist (pottery, sculpture, painting). Her current job is teaching art to middle schoolers. She talked about winning grants to bring visiting artists into schools on special programs. She also mentors new teachers and is very involved in the local education association. It must be great to be creative as well as being of service to others.

Emile then announced that *Clarabell* had been visited by a kayaker named Duke who invited us all to breakfast the next morning. He had an RV at a campground that was in sight of our anchorage. Sounded like fun. Cynthia's pasta dish was ready and we all dug in. It would have been good anywhere, but on *Clarabell* and in the rain, it was delicious. Cynthia explains her approach to the dish in the text box below.

Pasta on Clarabell

3 garlic cloves, crushed
1 onion, diced
1/2 cup sweet red pepper, diced
2 celery stalks, diced
2 carrots, diced
1/2lb. ground beef or turkey
1 15oz. can crushed tomatoes (one jar of ready made tomato sauce will also work)
1 box ziti or other pasta
fresh basil, oregano and parsley to taste
salt and pepper to taste

Saute garlic, onions, carrots, celery, pepper until almost tender and then add meat. Stir fry until cooked through. Add the crushed tomatoes and seasonings and simmer for 30 minutes. Cook the pasta and add to the meat sauce. Package into plastic containers and freeze. This frozen dish will partially thaw while in the cooler and all you have to do is heat it up on the boat!

The next morning we motored to the campground (after Emile dove down to dislodge my anchor that was wedged under a large boulder). We met Duke and Nancy camped right at the foot of the dock. Duke was already at his outside grill where eggs, bacon, flapjacks, and more were being prepared.

We talked about Maine, Texas (Nancy's home), and their RV lifestyle. We were given towels and jumped into the campground's showers. Then more coffee and talk. We split up, Ted and I going on a last sail across the lake and Cynthia and Emile taking out and finding a campground for the last night. Predictions of several days of rain were chasing us off. Ted and I then took out and found the campground, just south of Greenville, the large town at the southern shore of the lake. We joined together in Emile's truck and did a walking tour of Greenville and had a nice sit

down meal. It seemed like every other store and restaurant in the town was named Moose this or Moose that. That night in the campground I reviewed the whole Moosehead experience. The incredibly clear water, the great sailing, and new acquaintances, and the moose. As the fishermen say, "It's a keeper."



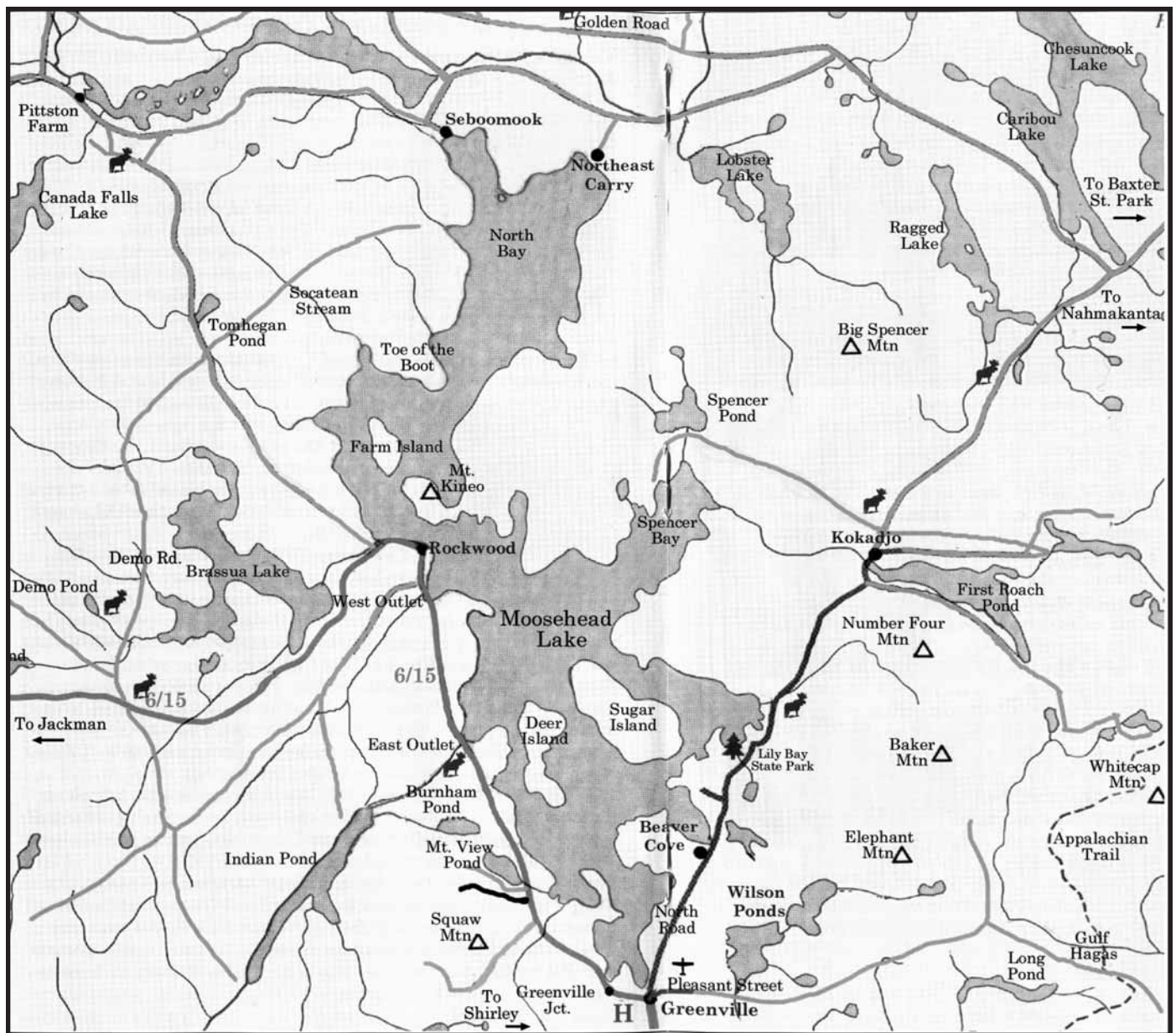
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Chapter I "Away down East" (Anon.)

Who has not heard of "Down East," the far-famed land of pumpkins, shingles, slabs, and tall sprouts of the nondescript genus, of whom Holmes's "...whey faced brother that delights to wear a weedy flux of ill-conditioned hair," was indubitably one? Whence the term came, we cannot tell. Perhaps the best derivation is a classical one of recent invention. If we remember aright, Herodotus speaks of a remarkable "catabathmus," or descent, somewhere on the confines of ancient Egypt. By a singular propriety, then, the term has been transferred to the locality of our pyramids of slabs.

Nothing, however, is more difficult to fix than the exact position of this "catabathmus," or, in plain English, jumping-off place. Perhaps the only sure method of going "Away Down East" would be to dive off Cape Race Rock. But if the reader will skip over 200 miles of a railway transit from Boston, we will try to find the whereabouts of this very mysterious "barathrum."

Moosehead Lake, Vacation - 1852

By Sui Generis

(What follows is a newspaper article from 1852 reporting on an adventure to the Moosehead Lake region of Maine. While the references to boats are peripheral to the main theme, the article does illustrate the circumstances existing 150 years ago that had to be transcended in order to enjoy a vacation trip into the Maine woods. Our thanks to Dick Winslow for providing this interesting insight)

Chapter II "Evil beasts, slow bellies." (Paul ad Tit. I, 12)

Behold us, then, squat upon the summit of a slow coach at the railway terminus in Waterville, Maine. The burly driver collects his victims and we immediately disappear in an immense dust cloud. Everything soon began to wear the appearance of a miller on

Saturday night. Away we were trundled, at the rate of nearly three miles to the hour, catching glimpses occasionally of our feet, and of the driver's head, encircled by a halo of dust. By and by we began to prefer an Arabian simoom or the storied sandstorms of Sahara and, pulling an old felt over our eyes, began nervously to "look for an opening."

Pretty soon the driver "brakes up" and a small ascent is developed ahead. A brisk flagellation immediately ensues, but we begin to believe the mathematical paradox, that the bottom of a wheel never turns. A corpulent gentleman inside promises to get out if he can so mend matters. At this juncture an ox team overtakes and passes us with a load of hay. Our beasts snuff the provoking odor and forthwith we are borne rapidly along in chase. They continue their speed until the hay is lost to sight under the portals of a hospitable barn, and then resume all their natural languor.

Thus we traveled our tedious miles and a two days' journey, relieved only by occasional relays, brought us to the Ultima Thule of the stages. The road impinged directly upon a comfortable house at the foot of a pic-

turesque lake and there we decided to erect our ne plus ultra, for at least a night.

Chapter III

"This lonesome lake, like to a sea,
among ye mountains lies,
And like a glass doth show their shapes,
and eke ye clouds and skies.
Go lays his chambers' beams therein,
that all his power may know,
And holdeth in his fist ye winds
that else would mar ye show."
(Ancient Tradition)

These quaint lines are said to have been inscribed 200 years ago upon a "piece of birchen bark" at the outlet of Lake Winnepiseogee. For the entire poem we refer the reader to that interesting imitation of the ancient simplicity and freshness of style, *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*. The granite rock, with its corroded inscription attesting that exploration, still rears itself above the blue waves of the lake. The mountains, and that beautiful...

"...mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue,"

...exhibit no trace of change, but the savage tribes, and the grand old forest, and the primeval name of that lovely region have passed away. Around our lake in Maine, however, things still wear a very primitive aspect. It is 20 years since the pioneer settler erected his log cabin on the shore whence access to the markets was most convenient.

The lumbermen have indeed penetrated the forest and felled the lordly pines, but still a gloomy verdure overspreads the hills and clothes all the shores. The moose still resorts to its old haunts and becomes the prey of our amateur sportsmen who crowd thither every summer. But primitive features are rapidly changing and fashionable immigration from our heated cities is working a channel even into these wilds. Hotels and steamboats and even a "post office" are among the present luxuries of these northern regions, and the other wonders, and also the follies, of the age are expected soon to follow.

We sailed up the lake on a cloudy morning. The fitful, eddying mists assumed the most fantastic forms and the weird creations of the frequent gusts called to remembrance the pictured spectres of the Brocken that had terrified our childish fancy. At times the murky air blackened the lake and seemed to mingle with its inky waters, while the Spirit of Darkness might be seen brooding upon the deep, as over ancient Chaos. Suddenly then a strong blast would sweep the vapors to the shore, and, rolling up the mountains, they would pile Ossa darkly upon Pelion and augment a hundredfold the hugeness which they swathed. But very seldom, if more than once, did the clouds suddenly gape and close again, shedding the pure light of heaven down for a moment upon the troubled scene, which grew ten times blacker and more confused when the radiance was withdrawn.

On board our boat, however, a cheerful company lent an agreeable contrast to the external gloom. The steam whistle occasionally startled the echoes with its piercing shriek while an old and sooty sheet iron Indian that ornamented the top of the smoke-

pipe, bent his bow and took a determined aim, but vacillated with the tremor of the boat so that he could never satisfactorily discharge the shaft.

We passed Mount Kineo, a bold bluff that rises 700' from the waters of the lake and makes you think that one of the "sentinel rocks" of the City of Elms has been securely anchored there. Look long at that neat white house at the base of the cliff, for there shines the last white paint that glistens this side of Canada. Soon we arrive at a structure designated in the brilliant advertisements as "Railroad Wharf." We have traversed the length of the lake and now let us try the cars.

Chapter IV

"...dum mula ligatur
Tota abit. hora."
(Ilor.)

Is this a railroad that I see before me? Our ideas of this invention are inseparably connected with a literal chemin du fer. Express trains, smoke, cinders, dust, din, and 40 miles an hour speed, rigs up in vision at the name of railroad. But what have we here? Two oxen, driven tandem over a corduroy path, the framework of a dirt car with four iron wheels, and logs withal for the machine to advance upon. The president, directors, and company of this road are not known through the announcement of dividends or the issuing of reports, but such a remarkable monument of their enterprise is a sufficient nomenclator. Before engaging passage we were so prudent as to inspect our team, and having concluded that for bottom they were unsurpassed, but for speed indifferent, we did not hesitate to walk on the track two miles to a hospitable shanty which covered us for the night.

The express train followed on behind. We have since ascertained that the rate of passenger trains is generally one mile and a third per hour. When the conductor stops to pick blueberries, which grow beside the track, some time is inevitably lost. Freight trains proceed at a more careful pace. The engines appear to consume but little fuel, perhaps they live on Ben Franklin's sawdust pudding but, to judge from the heft of their yokes, they are a stiff-necked generation and so most probably subsist on petrified cornstalks and bean poles.

Chapter V

"...And how was the devil drest?
Oh, he was rigged up in his best;
His jacket was red,
and his breeches were blue,
And there was the hole
where his tail came through."
(Coleridge)

A word about our costume. We were not guilty of patent leather and tight kids. We were, however, more outlandishly attired than was need. Expecting to be merged in a forest life from the moment of leaving the cars, we were unprepared even to write a good hand in a hotel register, which astonished us at the lake. The misfortune was that we had mistaken the locale of the jumping-off place. But, to make a long story short, our dress was not very recherche but was chiefly admirable for the pertinacity with which it resisted all decomposing and disintegrating agents. Oiled canvass was a prominent article, old felt hats and well-greased boots

were also conspicuous. Guernsey shirts, pistol belts, and an infinity of straps and strings were decidedly in vogue. Our armory, too, had not been neglected for our kind mothers had feared lest evil beasts should devour us. But had any of us been indicted for assault, the omission of an iota from the usually redundant formula of "guns, clubs, fists, brickbats, knives, etc.," would have quashed the indictment.

Chapter VI

"Ye shall dwell in booths."
(Lev. xxiii. 42)

What a cosy shanty that was, where we stopped the first night. The bed, of hemlock twigs, how soft! The coarse blankets, how warm! And that great, roaring fire, how comfortable in the damp woods! Up and down is better than the monotonous level, and a few rocks peeping through the turf set off the luxuriant verdure around and afford a resting place to the sliding feet. The price of wood does not interfere with our pleasure...

"Bring out great logs, and let them burn,
And make a solid core of heat..."

...for economy is in her garret at home. The merry fire, as it roars and rushes through the wide hole in the roof, seems a different element from your sickly blaze that issues from a few chips at the bottom, of a narrow, crooked, half-choked chimney in the city.

This is one depot of the lumbermen of the Maine woods. There are half a dozen of them about the door, for it is supper time. Go in like no stranger and greet them affably and you shall receive a cordial hospitality and a sincere, though rough, courtesy which would make you at ease, though fresh from the finery, the affectation, and the caresses of our "highest circles." Mr. Jedediah, the "maid," has prepared a substantial meal. Sit down to it, on this bit of timber, and be not fastidious if treacle sweetens your tea in a tin cup, or if each one provides his own butter knife.

Who cares for the "hewers of wood," the men who provide the rough boards for our comfortable mansions, those very boards so offensive to the eye that doats upon smoothness and white paint! Poor Jack, with all his real and imaginary woes, does not work or suffer like the lumberman. They lead the most laborious of lives, but we, who sigh for the sailor when the wind blows, should likewise carry our pocket handkerchiefs when we go to a sawmill or a hardware store. During half the year the lumbermen remain in the woods, and, amid the deepest snows and in the most intense cold, they prosecute their laborious duties. In the early spring, when dissolving winter has swelled the icy streams, is the time of their most arduous and unrelaxing efforts.

The myriads of logs, felled during the winter, are to be conducted down the foaming river to the mills. Now, night and day, continue incessant toil, and, amid ice, water, and scanty food, the lumberman exhausts his energies, nor in it couch on the wet earth fitted to repair them. What wonder, then, that constitutions are enfeebled and broken down, and a frightful expenditure of health made upon the yearly "drive" of logs! Life, also, is dangerously risked and not seldom is the mess thinned by some terrible accident. They roughly bury the dead by the riverside or on the beach of some lonely lake, a rude slab is

carved with the final record of the deceased, and the tide of business rushes on. Parent and friend there is none to lament...

"And woods and waters, with perpetual noise,
For him do make a melancholy moan."

But we are not able to live always, even in this nice shanty. We are sometimes benighted in the woods and then must needs camp out. We kindle a magnificent fire from the all essential birchbark and, after our final meal, lie down...

"With the clear heavens o'er us for a canopy,"

...or else, if we have time, make a slight shelter of boughs and there, if anywhere, sleep is sweet.

Chapter VII

"Didst ever see a Gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you
exactly."
(Beppo)

Reader, did you ever sail in a "birch?" If not, let me say how we sailed and how pleasant it was. A "birch" is a canoe made of birch bark, just as a "weed" is a cigar, or as "suds" are soapsuds. These white birch trees are as serviceable to the backwoods people as the cocoanut and the palm are to the Polynesians. With a few light strips of cedar as a frame, and a sheet of bark as a covering, the lightest and most graceful of boats is made. A single piddle propels it and it skims over the calm waters or broken waves so swiftly and silently that you cannot even catch the...

"Light drip of the suspended oar."

A "birch" reminds us, in one respect, of a knowing horse. It will bear its master, or any other expert, safely enough, but let an inexperienced person try it and he would be safer on the tightrope. In most cases he would tumble overboard after the lost centre of gravity.

In one of the birches, then, we sailed the west branch of the Penobscot River, a deep and placid stream, broken here and there by rapids. The lofty trees crowded down to either bank and beheld each its "visage in the watery glass." Occasionally a moose path streaked the thickets where these animals came down to drink, and we passed one or two carcasses which hunters had stripped and abandoned to decay. The stillness was oppressive and interrupted only by the shriek of the eagles, a few of whom we scared from their watchtowers, where they viewed the motions of the lazy fish below. In this quiet was time given to look from the handiwork unto the Grand Architect, and in this silent aisle of the forest temple my heart repeated the words of the patriarch i of Uz:

"Lo these are but parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of them; but the thunder of his power who can understand?"

Night surprised us on the voyage, and we made our camp among the trees on the margin of the stream. The supper of dried moose meat with tea of mountain ash, was grateful, and the warm blanket was as invit-

ing as any more luxurious bed. But who could sleep amid the glories of such a night, a night such as never yet tempted the gay strollers upon artificial promenades. How lovely was the combination perfected from the simple light, and air, and water, and the gloom shade of the forest looming tall and dark through all the splendor? We descended to the stream and stood musing while thought went backward and forward in the path of the centuries and we read, as though a burning hand had wrote upon the sky...

"And God made two great lights: the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: He made the stars also."

"The sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood, before that great and terrible day of the Lord shall come."

Then we lay down and slept in the beams of that moon which we shall one day see quenched in the blackness of utter night. But the seer of the Apocalypse has prophesied of a certain place...

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

The next morning we were gliding over the calm waters of Lake Cheluncook toward the comfortable dwelling of a pioneer in this region of some four years standing. A hospitable and generous man is Mr. Smith, with a proper modicum of courtesy and a smart infusion of the go-ahead, and his guests, whether penniless or opulent, are a most uncomplaining set.

Chapter VIII

"Our fathers called them savage."
(Chas. Sprague)

We had frequent occasion for guides. An unacquainted person had better not venture into these woods alone unless he would make the desert his dwelling place. We chose guides from the Indians, of whom a remnant still exists in Maine. With them we went "amoosing" and, though we did not prove ourselves mighty hunters, were so entertained by their discourse that our disappointment was small. On one occasion an old man of the St. Francis tribe conducted us, whose "eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated," and whose locks had not been blanched by the snows of three score winters. In his youth, he said, he had received instruction at Dartmouth College, according to the provisions of a bequest made by one More, for the education of a limited number of the Indians. Since then, he had followed a hunter's life. But it seemed to us that in language and manners old Louis was far more polished than any of the whites about him. He possessed, also, a forcible intellect and was one with whom you could converse upon a certain equality.

The other Indians, however, live with their squaws and "picaninnies" in a style that entitles them to the distinction of barbarians. Yet, for whatever is uncouth and servile in their customs, we should make much allowance. Their inbred disposition renders them as averse to a settled and industrious

life as King Philip would have been to that of a sea captain. By reason of this peculiar character, they cannot procure around our settlements a subsistence much better than the crumbs that fall from the table of the civilized man. A "pent-up Utica" there contracts their peculiar powers, but let them range like the congenial, untamed denizens of the forest and they will be free and independent as their fathers.

This utter wreck of an ancient and brave people affords a melancholy subject of reflection. As a comprehensive epitaph we say that a superior race has swept them and their works away by force of science more potent than the magic of the Powahs and art more subtle than savage strategy. Poetry has decorated the aboriginal life with graceful fiction and history has recorded upon bloody pages the atrocity of its final epoch:

"But the poor savage leaves behind no trace,
To save his own or serve another race."

The picturesque names which the red men gave to mountain and lake and stream remain, but these, and the relics which the plough has torn from ancient burial places, are their sole memorials.

To adopt the exquisite fancy of one of our own bards, the fittest emblems for their escutcheon would be a broken bow and pointless arrows, and underneath would I write...

"For sufferance is the badge of all our tribes."

The eyes of the old man Louis flashed while we repeated passages of that exquisite ode wherein Sprague commemorates the patriotism of the Indians and laments the oblivion which covers their graves.

Chapter IX

"Old shoes and clouted upon their feet, and old garments upon them."
(Josh. ix, 5)

Who likes that word "goodbye?" But we were obliged to use it after two very pleasant weeks. In prolonging our stay the means of life had imperceptibly diminished, till, on strict accounting, the remaining "wherewithal" was barely sufficient to sustain the vital spark until we could obtain fresh subsidies. Accordingly we vamoosed as quickly as possible.

The lake steamer had come to an inglorious end, of one voyage at least, upon a rock, and we made the passage of 40 miles in an old ark which contained an engine, if we may credit the smoke pipe protruding from the deck. Our principal subsistence for 12 hours, therein, was faith and fish skin.

We arrived at the foot of the lake at the very smallest of the small hours and committed ourselves to the tender mercies of the master of the Seeboonook House, a veritable John Mengers. He seemed to think we needed sleep more than anything else, and something like the following scene ensued:

Guests: "Come, landlord, give us some grub, cold pies, or meat if nothing else. We feel tolerable hollow."

The landlord, after some minutes of silence, succeeds in lighting a bed lamp and sets it down with marked emphasis. We quickly divine his predilection.

Guests: "Come, landlord, that won't do. Shell out, now. We are hungry as meat axes."

Landlord snappishly: "What d'ye want!"

Guests, in a resolute tone: "Pies we told you." The landlord rushes frantically out and soon brings in some pie.

Guests: "Now, landlord, that's good. Bring in some cheese now and some bread and milk."

Landlord: "I tell ye, ye'll have to make that do till breakfast time. Can't give ye no more, no how."

Accordingly, having made the best of our cold supper, we take the bed lamp and a grim smile of satisfaction contorts the landlord's phiz as we descend the stairs.

Next morning we undertake to walk to the nearest railway terminus, some 75 miles. Poverty alone impelled us, and we could only support the painful resolve by considerations of the necessity and of the strength lately plucked from our carnivorous diet in the woods. We actually set off on foot, to the no small chagrin of the stage drivers.

No wonder that our Gibeonish apparel introduced us everywhere as a suspicious character. The first day, having walked 40 miles, we halted at the ambitious town of Athens about dusk, the force of early habit, if nothing else, urging us to observe the Saturday night as a season of rest and preparation. The landlord, having cast a hasty, half-contemptuous glance at our soiled and grotesque garments, conducted us to the very northeastern corner of his dominions. We thought of that "whey-faced brother"...

"Whom John, obedient to his master's sign,

Conducts, laborious, up to ninety-nine."

We were introduced into a small and dingy apartment, wherein sundry trunks and trowsers had been carelessly sprinkled about, and there the landlord, bidding us sleep either on one or both beds, unceremoniously deserted us. At first we were inclined to grumble, but on reflection concluded to treat the matter as good joke and to wear a better coat next time. But our equanimity was even more sorely tried.

The next day, the Sabbath, having spent several meditative but unquiet hours in the barroom, the only place where a seat was permitted us, we concluded to relieve the monotonous time with a walk and so stepped out. The landlord followed us to the door, with, "Are you going to leave?"

Having briefly said, "No," we sauntered leisurely along the street and finally took the highway leading out of the village. Our motions, however, were narrowly watched. Hardly five minutes of pleasant walking had slipped by when a harsh sound came borne upon the blast.

"Hallo, hallo, there, cap'n!"

A presentiment suddenly came upon us. We felt guilty and reflected that we were but a rowdy looking fellow and owed the landlord a quarter,

"Hallo-o-o, there, mister," came again from a nearer voice. Accordingly, we stopped and looked behind. On like the wind came the pursuer and triumph gleamed from his eye for he had caught the dishonest lodger. As soon as the distance and his spent breath allowed, he shouted, "Pay your bill, cap'n."

With quiet indignation we paid the bill and then asked, "Don't you take me for a gentleman?"

"Wal, ye ought to be one, for sartain."

"Well, my friend," said I, "you take your money, and welcome. I am only going a short walk and hope to see you again. If I don't come back you may have my baggage, which consists of a hairbrush and a toothbrush. I am sorry that I haven't got my cards with me."

Was not this intolerable, that in broad daylight the cry of "stop thief" should be raised behind one? But it seemed better to laugh at the suspicious host than to be angry with him. We certainly did not look honest, as to that coat we wore, but the eye (we hope to say it modestly) did not look sly or villainous in the least.

So we went back, went into the barroom as boldly as though nobody knew us, borrowed a pipe, and commenced smoking.

"Landlord," said I at length, "will you give me a receipt for the cash your young man ran after?"

The landlord fidgeted, and was silent. So we continued.

"Landlord," said I, at length, "will you give me a receipt for the cash your young man ran after?"

The landlord fidgeted and was silent. So we continued...

"You certainly were not to blame, landlord, in taking this to be a most rascally coat. It does really look shocking bad. I'm sorry, for your sake, I didn't wear my best one. But, if you haven't any objection, I'll take tea with you and be glad to pay for it, too."

"Wal, young man," he broke forth, "I'll tell ye what, you are honest. If you hadn't been honest, you'd ha' been mad as blazes. I'm sorry I sent Jack arter ye. You shall stay here as long as you want, and welcome."

We thanked the man, and having assured him that we should pay for whatever of his we used, bade him not be deceived again by the outward appearance. After that, we lived in clover at Athens. The landlord was very affable and said "sir," the young lady who waited at the table divined what I wanted before my request, and even the landlord's little son made me gratuities of sweet, fresh apples.

After dark, on Sunday evening, when all censorious people were indoors and out of sight, we started from Athens to be at the railroad depot on the following morning. The walk was exceedingly lonely, not even a dog barked at us, and had it not been for a mustela putorius who created quite an odorous diversion by suddenly crossing my path, I should have grown very cynical during that short night. My principal occupation was found in scrutinizing the dingy barns by the roadside in hope that some ancient guide-board might assure me that I was in the right road, but for 20 miles I found none. My chief diversion was found in whistling. During the first part of the night I solaced my loneliness with old familiar psalm tunes, but after 12:00, when Monday had fairly begun, I digressed to profane melodies such as "Uncle Ned," "In the good old colony times," etc.

At length, as the morning star was rising, we stood upon the iron track, somewhat "leg weary" as the Yankees phrase it, but exulting over the toilsome leagues behind. Now we feel that past labors are pleasant and rejoice to write, here, in the forest city of Maine

"Brundisium longa finis charae quo vin quo."

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Our bathroom was the long time repository of one of those silly one-liner joke books called *1001 Things That P@#%&* Me Off*. Being of a simple mind and easily amused, I found the book not only humorous but startlingly similar to my annoyances. My Finnish wife thought the book silly, stupid, and (God forbid) a collector of dust; ergo, Ms. Dour Universe 1973 tossed it. In her honor, I posit the following boating things that P@#%&* Me Off:

1. Jet Skis: If God had really wanted us to scat around the lake at 70mph, He would have put more oomph in Five Bean Chili. Downing six Buds in 20 minutes, straddling a machine that serves no purpose in this universe, and attempting to swamp sailboats, scare hell out of fishermen, worry swimmers, and kill off a quiet afternoon on the water is a person who should have been flushed down the toilet at birth. Mea Culpa Monsignor Friedl; I'll say an Act of Contrition but I won't mean it. Jet ski people make perfect target practice for owners of 30-30 rifles. There should be a bounty for Jet ski people.

2. Big Bass Boats. My little 12' dinghy, *Zonona*, likes the water of Pleasant Creek Lake (kind of a contradiction, isn't it? Is it a lake or is it a creek? Hey, it's Iowa). In my canoe or my brother's kayak I can circle the lake in about 90 minutes. I just hate to see the person who arrives at this small patch of water with his/her \$45,000 SUV hauling a \$25,000 metallic red bass boat with a 200hp Merc, replete with radar, sonar, depth finder, underwater TV camera, digital wind gauge, short-wave radio, laptop computer with the latest weather reports and navigation charts, hydraulic anchors fore and aft, and carbon-fiber poles, Rapala lures, and titanium hooks just to catch a handful of blue gill or crappies. I love it when the little kid fishing off a point using a cane pole and freshly dug worms catches the Tiger Muskie while the Bass Boat Boob in his \$100,000 worth of fishing machine comes home with a snarl and a snag.

3. Nautica Models. I just hate the cruiser types with expensive boat shoes, tailored trousers, and monogrammed shirts. They wear \$45 per ounce cologne and have towels in the head that are color coordinated with the interior of their boat which was selected by a "color typist." All their lines are color coordinated, too. They have a dry cleaner on

Ten Boating Things That Really P@#%&* Me Off (Even Psychiatrists Can Have Violent Opinions)

By Stephen (Doc) Regan

speed dial at every port, have never managed a stain on their contemptible shirts, and just love handing out three-color business cards with their boat's name on ft. Hell, even their swim suits and robes are monogrammed with their boat's name. They invariably have personal names like Buffy or Biff and they are soooo WASP that it makes my Irish, blue-collar, Catholic blood boil.

4. Lack of Directions. Why is it that every single piece of sailing equipment comes without any directions? Am I the only beginner in the world? My beautiful dinghy came in a nice crate with no directions on rigging or even a reminder to plug the cockpit drain. I looked at pictures and figured it out for myself. My boat trailer came in pieces with no directions and I am still fiddling with it two years later. The depth finder had no directions nor did the GPS, both are toys every dinghy sailor floating around in a puddle absolutely needs. Right? I have, therefore, been forced to double my expenses by purchasing a plethora of books on rigging, sailing, knots, repairing (as if we rookies don't mess up), and even a damn nautical dictionary because I don't know a roodle from a rose box nor a pintle from a gudgeon.

5. Yuppie Sailing Beer Fanatics. These less than welcome guests can literally sit and yap about beer for hours and hours on end. They actually know and care about the differences between lager and pilsner beers to say nothing of ales, stouts, bocks, and any other kind of liquid posing as a beer. They delight in a trivia game whereby you name a country and they can name the top national beer of that nation. These bores would never cross the stoop of any dining establishment that didn't sell Koff dark, Harp on tap, or Dos Eques dark AND light. They honestly understand the distinction between Point beer and Leinenkugel and can sound like a wine freak in their descriptions of beer. "Point has the pungent taste of pine mediated by a smokey oak nose tinged with a modicum of grain."

Their conversations are dull and boring and consistent and predicable. To the question, "what beer do I personally choose," the sole answer is, of course, "the cheapest." Whatever happened to Blatz, Grain Belt, Falstaff, and Hamm's?

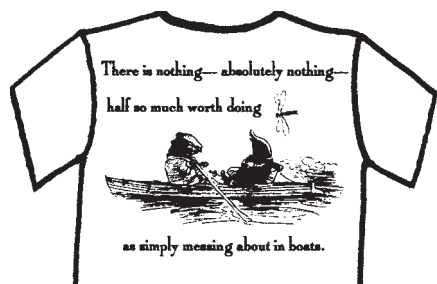
6. Non-Sailing Relatives. Wives who see no redeeming value in boats, water, or sails; mothers who believe that all money spent on boats is wasteful; brothers who think that REAL men have REAL boats (i.e., big motors); and children who complain that their inheritance is being sunk into plywood and fiberglass should all be tied to heavy anchors and shoved over the side. The good news is that the boat takes me away from all their carping and whining. When my wife, bellyaching about my not raking the leaves, made the mistake of going into the bathroom, I stealthily hooked up the boat and headed to the lake. The wind freshened and the leaves flew over to the neighbor's lawn. I avoided work AND got a day on the lake. She found no humor in the situation.

7. Winter: The next person who says, "Oh, I just love the snow," shall be punched in the nose. There is no value meteorologically, ecologically, psychologically, morally, or spiritually in winter. God just invented winter to P@#%&* us off. My neighbor gets a silly grin all over his puss as he brazenly revs up his snowmobile, rushes off in a blast of noise and flying ice, and returns with frostbitten extremities and a missing child probably lost in one of the myriad of snow drifts he feels an abnormal necessity to plow through. I have a doctorate in psychology. He is nuts. Believe me. Mean-while my little dinghy sits covered with snow, her lovely lines obliterated in the ice, her sails stuffed in a bag in the basement, and her rudder hanging sadly in the garage while I gulp huge quantities of Paxil, Xanax, Trazamine, and alcoholic beverages to tolerate the time until I can hit the water, which I do as soon as any water stands open in the ice.

8. Minnesota and Wisconsin. See Winter. Why is it that the two states with the most lakes have ten months of snow and ice? Why is it that the two states with the best sailing in the world also have the world's largest and most numerous mosquitoes? Why is it that the two states that proliferate the world's most curvaceous and beautiful blonde women force them to be covered up with parkas and boots? Worse, both states love hockey. There is no rational thinking that defends hockey except it makes all the dentists happy. Sailors usually have all their teeth, feel no intense desire to whack people over the head with a stick, nor do they chase little hard rubber things on ice. Sailors sit back and enjoy life. Peacefully and quietly.

9. Too Many Boat Magazines. Did you ever try to balance your checkbook and wonder where all the money went? Check the floor beside your recliner or bed. I'll bet you'll find *Messing About in Boats*, *Shallow Water Sailor*, *Good Old Boat*, *Wooden Boat*, *Latitudes and Attitudes*, and *Small Craft Advisor*. I love these things and have to read and re-read them all several times and wish I could afford many more. So much information totally superfluous to my needs, so expensive, so unnecessary, but so much fun. I am addicted. I have to deal with getting nothing accomplished. But I cannot live without Bob Bitchin's humor, Karen Larson's scribbles about her Mega 30, Bob Hicks' attention to detail, etc., etc. The fact that they do not come often enough P@#%&* me off!

10. Wind: Wind is the absolute necessity for sailing (well, duh). I find it outrageously frustrating to discover that good winds blow on the days I have to work and can't be found for love nor money when I have the day off. Wind is my particular nemesis. Too often on a lovely day when the sun is shining, the breeze is fresh, my wife suddenly decides to spend the day on the water, and all is well in the universe, the wind suddenly either slackens to a mere whisper, or else it decides to rev up to a near gale force whereby dinghies keel over, only butt heads venture on the lakes, birds suddenly disappear, and even the DNR won't come near the water. I have tried everything. I pray to Neptune. I wear a St. Elmo medal. I put a St. Christopher medal under the mast step. I sprinkle holy water all over my boat. Nope, Mother Nature alone decides when and how much wind she shall proffer, and rarely does she take me into account.



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Rained Out 2nd Year In A Row!

Reprinted from *Schooner Times*,
newsletter of the Scow Schooner Project
Submitted by Cecil Carnes, Jr.

On October 23, the Scow Schooner Project of Anahuac, Texas, hosted the first event of the newly formed Lone Star Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association and the Project's fourth annual Small Craft Festival. The rain held off until noon but the sky was black all around us and attendance was light. Eleven small craft gathered for some fun in the Trinity River Delta before the sky opened up.

This year's event was held in conjunction with the celebration of the Centennial of the Lone Star Canal, operated by our hosts, Chambers and Liberty County Navigation District. Along with our Small Craft Festival, the Upper Texas Coast Water-Borne Education Center gave free rides on the river on their two education vessels. Several other area organizations participated with educational displays, artifact exhibits and even a duck race. A local canoeing/nature study club, the Master Mariners, terminated a morning paddle on the Trinity at the Festival.

The Festival was kicked off with the ceremonial launching of the skiff that will be the scow schooner's tender. It is a stretched Gardner flattie skiff built by Schooner Project volunteers. The launching was well attended by local elected officials and the heavy skiff floated very lightly on the water right side up!



strength and longevity. We need help from those interested in our project in the form of contributions to purchase the approximately 20 sheets of plywood at \$62 a sheet. Plank Owners' Association: For \$200 you can have your name or that of someone you wish to be remembered inscribed on a brass plate that will go on the Plank Owners

Plaque that will stay with the schooner.

The Scow Schooner Project is a 501(c)(3), non-profit organization, eligible to receive tax-exempt contributions. Write, call, or see our web site for more information.

Scow Schooner Project, PO Box 1509, Anahuac, TX 77514, (409) 267-4402, www.scowschooner.org



The most popular event of the festival, by far, was the Kid's Boatbuilding Shop. The volunteers were kept busy helping youngsters build all sorts of creative small craft.

Schooner Ready For Next Step: The Scow Schooner Project hull is now completely planked with cypress planks and all the internal framing is complete. The next step is to laminate the second layer. This will be a layer of marine grade plywood set in epoxy resin. This will give the schooner great



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First off, I enjoy building boats, of all sizes. I have built (with a little help!) aircraft carriers, submarines, tankers, and LSTs. But when my company moved me to a desk job I started building boats for myself at home. I have done several, from a 6' plywood pram to a 57' fiberglass cruiser. My most recent one I have just completed, and that is the subject of this tale.

I wanted a seaworthy boat to use in most weather on the Chesapeake Bay. I wanted a wheelhouse and a cabin with an enclosed head. Except in the wheelhouse I was willing to give up headroom for myself (I stand 6'2" tall) but retained it for my wife Jean (5'4"). And I wanted a boat that looks like a boat. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder and I don't wish to talk against anyone else's boat, but personally I can't stand needle-nosed reverse shear boats that look as if they were made of butter and had melted a bit! I wanted a more traditional look. Also, having decided that my 57' boat (which looks like a 1926 Elco!) was more boat than Jean and I can handle comfortably, I wanted something in the 26'-30' range, with a speed of about twice what the 57' boat will do, or about 20mph. (We measure speeds on the intra-coastal, where the markers are five land miles apart.)

So after looking at many boats and many designs, I wound up with a Glen-L catalog. Glen-L has a design called Double Eagle, a 23' hard chined lobster boat. A salty seaworthy looking craft. 23' was too short for me, but the catalog said it could be lengthened 10% which would give about 25'4". Still a bit too short, so I got on the phone and called Glen L Witt in California and asked about stretching it to 27'. His answer was that he had never built that design that long so he couldn't be sure, but he believed it would work out all right.

Then by chance I was in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and had the opportunity to meet Phil Bolger (a very nice and interesting gentleman) who listened to my schemes for these plans. Phil was very complementary about Glen Witt's designs and offered the opinion that I would have no trouble with the stretch.

So now I had my design and needed to start to work. Double Eagle was designed to be built in plywood or aluminum but I wanted fiberglass, so here is how I went about it.

How I Built a Boat

By Gaylord Lockett

First I built a half model on a 4:1 scale. The model is almost 7' long. No planking, just frames, stem, keel, transom, and sheer and chine stringers (if I had built both sides of it and planked it I would have had a nice little dinghy). Then I wrapped drawing board film around it (drawing board film is a plastic coated paper marked off in 1" and 1/8" squares) and used a razor blade to trim it to fit the model like planking. I did this for the side and for the bottom. Thus I had 1/4 sized templates of each side and each half of the bottom.

Next I built a table out in the yard, 4' wide and 32' long (four pieces of 4'x8' particle board). I covered the table with aluminum foil and then laminated a sheet of fiberglass the size of the table, one layer of cloth, a layer of mat, a layer of woven roving, and another layer of mat. I repeated this once to give me the two sides. Then I made two more pieces a bit shorter for the bottoms. I clamped the two sides together and laid off the shape from the drawing board film templates. Then I did the same for the bottoms. Finally, using an old skilsaw I cut these pieces to shape. Now I had the four major components for the hull.

I disassembled the table and cut the particle board into cradles, one for each frame station, and set them up on a strongback made from 6"x6" and 4"x6" timbers. I drilled holes along the bottom pieces and wired them together with bits of copper wire. The two halves of the bottom were then slid into the cradle and folded out. Beautiful! I now had my bottom.

Next, one at a time, I slid the sides into the cradle and wired everything together at stem and chine. A little bit of fiddling, shimming, and grinding (I never claimed it would fit perfectly!) and I was ready to glass it together. First tabbing things together with fiberglass mat, I then started laying up glass inside. Each area got a double layer of mat and roving, finished off with a final layer of mat. But the keel area and chine areas were doubled again, for final thicknesses of about 3/8" on the hull, but 3/4" at the keel and chine.

I made a transom in the garage of 1/4" fiberglass, 2-1/4" plywood (three layers of 3/4" epoxied and nailed together with stainless ring shank nails) and another 5/16" of glass. This was trimmed to fit and glassed in place. Side decks were cut from scrap left over from the bottoms. The forward deck was laid up on a table, bent over curved beams, and all was glassed in.

Remember now, this boat is being built right side up but now this has to change. I installed a heavy duty bow eye with the threaded portions passing through a piece of 1-1/2" square aluminum, ground to fit the inside of the bow. I got a large crane to come in and pick the hull up by the bow eye. I rotated the hull 180 degrees and they set it down again, now upside down!

On the outside I installed a small keel, or skeg, and put fiberglass tape over the keel seam and the chine seams. Some sanding and then I painted the hull with gel coat (yes, I know, that is a sloppy way to do it, but next year I hope to spray it with Imron). Inside I ran glass down the sides, across the underside of the decks, and over the cockpit coaming. The forward deck got the same treatment plus several extra layers in way of the deck hardware. Also I made fiberglass deck beams and glassed them in.

Up to this point the boat doesn't have a name, but that has to change. Careful measurement tells me this boat will document at 5.2 tons net. I need my numbers and for that the boat needs a name. Jean and I kicked it around and decided on *Dragonfly*. The papers were sent in, everything was approved, and I received the official numbers. These were carved into a husky mahogany beam which was locked into place at the aft end of the forward deck. Looks great there and nobody can get that beam out without tearing the boat up.

Since the hull was now a lot stronger, *Dragonfly* was just rolled upright. Levelled and braced the time has come for the deckhouse and interior work. The thwartships bulkheads are 3/4" plywood. Interior decks are plywood, the cockpit deck is plywood with two layers of glass over it. Below are vee births, a small hanging locker, a head compartment with folding door with porta-potty, and a small galley counter. The wheelhouse has nothing but two pedestal seats. There are two 55-gallon fuel tanks, one

Weighing *Dragonfly* before launching.

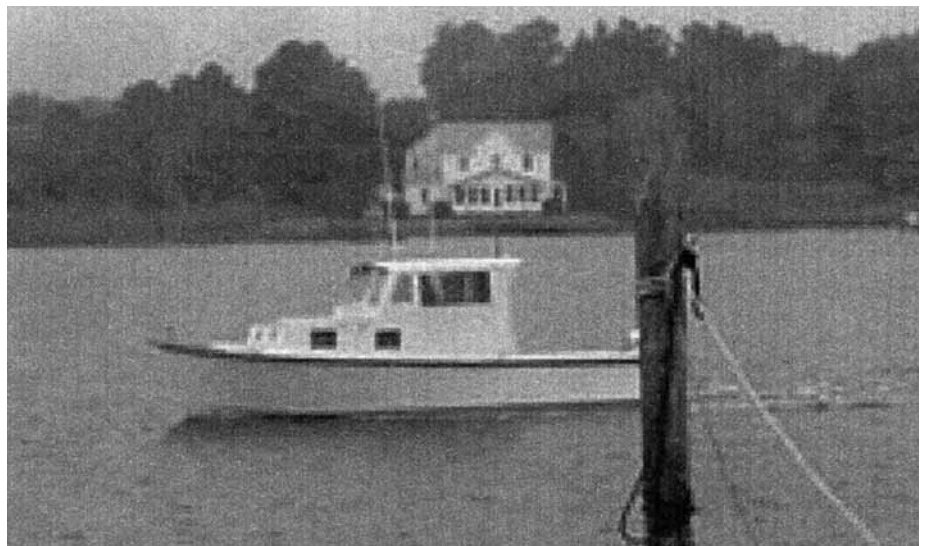


In the water at last. The door is temporary, antennas are still folded.



under the cockpit and one under the wheelhouse. Both are set in cofferdams with foam all around. Also I cut and fit blocks of foam under the wheelhouse and cockpit decks in case I ever hit one of these semi submerged pilings that sometimes drift around.

Power is one of the new 135hp Honda outboards. At launching *Dragonfly* weighed 5340lbs. with 25 gallons of gas aboard. With four persons aboard I found that she would do 25.5mph at 6200rpm (measured by GPS). Two days later with two people she ran 26.8, same rpm. I think my hopes of a 20mph cruising speed are realistic. I got a boat that suits me for looks, speed, and ride and it's all paid for! What more could you ask?



First trip, rainy day.

Florida has always had a strong commercial fishery. Back in Spanish days people from Cuba used to come up and camp and fish (they named the whole coast). You know, despite the current trend in fads, the land of Florida is not all that pleasant a place to live without screen wire and air conditioning so the hard-bitten early settlers were few and far between. The islands of the Antilles were much nicer places... particularly after the natives were exterminated. You know the natives of South Florida were never actually beaten by the US of A and remained hostile and dangerous until they realized that it was better to show off for tourists and take their money than it was to kill them and not know what money was.

Both hook and line and net fishing of all kinds were very effective. The shallow Gulf of Mexico is very productive and the extensive marshes and mangrove swamps of the coast are excellent "nurseries" for all sorts of seafood. The resource seemed inexhaustible... particularly for quick growing and prolific reproducing animals like mullet and shrimp.

By the middle of the 20th century slow growing delicacies like red snapper (just about equivalent to codfish down here) were becoming scarce. Seiners and gill netters were beginning to thin the population of pompano, too. In the late '50s one shrimper down in Key West discovered that pink shrimp could be caught in abundance by dragging at night and there was an instant boom in that department but, by the late '70s, even that vast annually renewed resource was over-fished. I can't help having sympathy for commercial fishermen. I even majored in "fisheries biology" when I was in college but the fact of the matter is that, if the thing is not properly regulated, greedy people will devastate any natural resource.

There is no more destructive fishing vessel than a 300hp shrimp boat dragging the bottom of shallow water all night long and catching and killing everything that can't outrun a pair of otter trawls with a 100' wingspan, and because the gourmets drove the price up so high it was profitable for hundreds of boats to drag every inch of the inshore Gulf all the time, even when they weren't catching but one pound of shrimp to 30 pounds of something else.

Commercial Fishing in Florida

A Brief and Spotty History

By Robb White

That's why you see those picturesque seagulls hanging around shrimp boats all the time. It was pitiful. Net fishing for vertebrates took a real turn when cheap monofilament gill nets were developed... then some genius invented the front motor tunnel style net skiff (called a "bird dog" around here) which will run with the foot of the engine running in water that has not been depressed by the passage of the boat so they can run very shallow indeed. The diameter of the propeller is the limiting factor. These boats were so effective that they made so much money that it didn't matter if they wore out a prop a week running over oysters and sand bars or tore up thousands of feet of net.

The Japanese discovered mullet roe and were paying sure enough big money. Every fall all around here the place stank from the rotting carcasses of mullet that had been cut for the roe and thrown overboard. The fisheries people (the head of the Florida Fisheries Com-mission, was convicted of illegally harvesting tons of redfish in federal waters during the moratorium) stupidly regulated the hook and line fishermen with catch limits and size limits for all game fish but did not limit commercial gillnetters at all.

The sight of a gillnetter hauling in a ton of undersized speckled trout right there on the beach where some folks were trying to catch a little something for supper got on a lot of people's nerves and, somehow, a very popular campaign was organized with plenty of sport fishing big money help to force the state to amend the regulations and it worked. It has been illegal to use any net over 500sf and no gill nets at all in the state of Florida since 1993.

It ruined a bunch of good people's lives and could have been avoided if the damned state had regulated the situation when it first got out of hand. Now about the only viable commercial fishery for vertebrates is offshore long lining in federal waters. There

used to be a hook and line bottom fishery offshore for grouper, amberjack, and red snapper but the current fad of sports fishermen with enough money to spend something like 200 bucks a pound to catch these fish (and sell them at a loss to restaurants) has put that fishery out of business and the state seems to be lagging again with logical regulation. Money talks, y'all.

There are two inshore fisheries which are still working around here... crabs and oysters. The reason they are still in pretty good shape is because nobody has figured out a way to harvest those two resources by the use with machinery yet. A man has to bust his (or her) ass to make a living like that. I, myself, would rather ride a ZTR (zero turn radius) lawnmower on a golf course than pull traps or tong oysters.

Though those two resources are not overfished in Apalachee Bay (which is the whole coast of the Florida "big bend"), they are in danger of being ruined by pollution. The Apalachicola River is the sewage transportation system for most of the state of Georgia and eating the once champion Apalachicola oyster raw is getting to be dangerous. The astonishing popularity of coastal golf courses (why in hell would a person want to come to the coast to play golf?) with the accompanying run-off of herbicides and insecticides is bound to mess up the marshes and bays like it does upland waters everywhere.

I guess the Floridification of the state will continue until it reaches an equilibrium with the drinking water resources like the Californication of California has but Florida is not a desert... yet.

"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord" (Deut 16:16)

Needed: Boats and nautical gear

Cruising Ministries

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After being without a boat for awhile, I thought I might want to try one last time to get out on the water. This time for the low hassle, no boatyard, short commute boating I had a few sailboats which were basically underused. I wanted something with a motor to end the "when are we going to get there" comments. My idea was to get a small boat for the Connecticut River which my town of Wethersfield, Connecticut, borders. There are some wonderful spots to explore along this river. For some unexplained reason, I thought I might want to build this particular boat as opposed to a purchase. I have always enjoyed working with wood. I did not have the required tools or knowledge but I felt I had to give it a try. I wasn't getting any younger.

So the investigating began. After some web searches and reading ads and articles in magazines and books, I decided on a Nez Perce 16 by Ken Swan. It's a (dare I say it) plywood flat bottom skiff using the glue and screw method. Plans were ordered and the layout began in the spring of 2002.

I started with making full size drawings of the frames on large brown paper on the floor of our family room. So the easiest part came first. My shop was our one car garage. It contains everything I need to maintain a home plus room for the car. So here I come with my boat project. If I had taped this it would look like a bad Buster Keaton movie. All ahead full. The first part cut was the stem. I own a band saw which made things easier. Frame parts were also cut on this saw because I don't have a table saw. Edges were precut on the band saw and finished with a hand plane.

It's all about the bevels. The frames must have bevels to accept the plywood sides. I went crazy trying to get the bevels of the frames to match the required angle. Note to new builders, frames should be beveled on the inside as well to accept seat supports and inwales. This is the kind of info I needed as a new builder. It just didn't occur to me at that time. I won't give you the step-by-step account of the construction but will try to provide an overview.

That first summer all I had were completed frames, stem, and a transom. I also cut and butted the side panels. The butt joints were not to my liking. I used a butt block. Down the road I decided to fiberglass the outside joint for added strength and improved appearance. In my mind I planned to get much further. Many more important things occurred in my life and they required almost my full attention. Future builders, plan on many interruptions. Family issues, work issues, and maybe world issues these days. Time to put it all away and return the

Build Your Dream

By Marty DeFilippo



garage to my understanding wife. I hung the sides in the garage for the winter.

Summer two. Not a bad total of work. Attaching the sides to the stem was fun and at one time one side went through the door to the cellar while the other side extended into the garage. Not enough width in the one car garage. The sides were wrapped around the frames and attached to the transom. A boat shape at last. The bottom was cut and fastened. Wow, big time progress. Skeg attached and bottom painted. I used latex house paint as suggested by Dave Carnell in an article, "Latex Paint For Boats." Hope he's right.

So that September we turned her right side up. With my son's help she was put on sawhorses and covered in the back yard for the winter. After seeing the future boat at this state of completion I decided it was time to start saving for a trailer and motor. For the first time I felt I was going to be able to finish a usable boat. I did get the thwarts cut that winter and prepared for the final assault at the first sign of warm weather.

Spring 2004 came and the final steps began. Mahogany trim, inwales, seats fitted, sanding, painting, etc. Final paint and the start of coats of varnish. The work went on and by late August I thought it was time to buy a trailer. What a step. Another call to strong son for more help. Up she went. Ready at last to feel water. A time to step back and enjoy seeing what was accomplished. Not the best job, but in my eyes a fantastic boat.

I then ran into the expected hassle at the Department of Motor Vehicles. The trailer registration was smooth. Caught them at a rare slow time. The plan was to get a temporary registration on the boat, then fill out the form for the Department of Environmental Protection to inspect and assign a hull number. After DEP sends the proper stamped form with the hull number I'd go back to DMV to upgrade the registration to permanent. How easy is that?

Trip one to pick up forms. The DMV happens to be in Wethersfield where I live so the trip was short. I filled out the forms and hit the DMV on a typical day. Fifty numbers from being called. After a mere two hours and ten minutes in the holding pen I received my temporary registration and the hull number application. Long story short. DEP assigned the hull number then back to DMV on a Saturday. The answer was I needed something else???? I returned on a weekday and went to the boating office. They registered my boat and had no answer about why it wasn't done on Saturday. Is it like this in your state?

Launch day came and we christened her

Viaggio, Italian for journey. A simple name for a basic boat and I think it fits well. We used salt water from Long Island Sound. My wife Edy surprised me because she had made the trip to collect the salt water. Launch was on a Sunday afternoon in late August 2004 at Wethersfield Cove. It was a delight. An unforgettable moment for me. I always had this fear that she would be heavy aft but she floated flat. A peaceful row and no leaks.

The season ended with only one more trip due to the arrival of fall. Next spring I hope to have a motor ready to go. I'm thinking a 9.9hp. I don't need speed since the idea is to explore and photograph the river. I plan to use oar power fairly often just for the peace and quiet. Low stress, relaxing boating.

If this type of project is out of the norm for you prepare for some questions. First answer. No, I'm not nuts. How much did it cost? Well I tried to keep track but gave up early because you find yourself picking up small things at odd times and forgetting to keep a record. Round it off to make them happy. Next is how many hours it took. I have no idea. Tons, if you add in the hours my brain was occupied by thoughts about the project. My general answer is it took more time than I thought, which is true.

I certainly encourage anyone on the fence to give a boatbuilding project a shot. One suggestion I have is try to see if the designer will sell a copy of the directions if they are available. It may help you decide on a design because you can try to visualize the step-by-step process. It's important to see how clear they are. I wish I had thought of this before I set out. Also, it's nice to have some room for this project. I considered outside but bugs, rain, heat, etc. made me use the garage, which is located under the house. The word did get out among the insect population where I was hiding, but it was tolerable.

You will probably acquire some tools as you go along, which is always a good thing. Plan on spending more time on the finer fitting of the various trim. It did not come easily for me. I would love to go back and refit some joints with my newfound knowledge. It's more of an appearance thing and it does bother me. I never did feel comfortable working with epoxy. The safety precautions are important. I do have some doubts about some of my early mixes and glued joints. I have nightmares about all of these pieces of wood returning to there original shape at the same time. Just visualize that for a moment.

Now it's time to plan trips. I have charts of the Connecticut River from Hartford to Long Island Sound. Fresh to salt water. Most of the shoreline is not developed so I hope to see some wildlife while there's still time. Sadly the bulldozers probably are right behind me. The lower river has some beautiful homes and a more nautical look about it with, towns like Essex, Deep River, and Old Saybrook. Now we begin a different type of adventure.

So that is a brief account of how this boat came about. The idea here is to encourage you to find a plan you like and build a boat. I was fortunate to have the support and help of my wife, who encouraged me from the beginning. My son provided help, support, ideas, suggestions, and much needed physical strength. It's nice to have a good team behind you when you approach the unknown. I have the best.

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James Rockefeller, Jr., of Camden, Maine, once called the Old Gaffers of this world "time machines." He said, "... feeling the response in her tiller, my eye wanders over the varnished wood, taking in the symmetry of line where oak and fir and cedar meet, and the mind goes back in time to an age where things were not so hurried and graciousness and sailing went hand in hand."

As the naval architect behind the design, Murray G. Peterson originally drew the Old Gaffer as a motor launch. This beautiful hull was later converted to sail, an 18' double-ended gaff-rigged sloop. A Cape Elizabeth native who opened his own shop in Massachusetts during the Great Depression, Peterson was also known for his adaptations of traditional work boat designs into quality sail and power yachts and for his designs of Downeast coasting schooners with traditional lines, rigs, and construction methods.

The original Old Gaffer was designed in 1933 for Peterson's brother and the plans didn't resurface again until 1967, thanks to James Rockefeller, Jr. He himself built three Old Gaffers, finally giving up the design because of problems finding the right grade of lumber and the impossibility of finding traditional pieces of rugged bronze for fittings.

The addition of a lead ballast keel and a self-tending rig make this boat easy to handle and quick in the lightest of breezes. She'll have a large cockpit and small cuddy cabin, making her ideal for day sails or the occasional weekend camp cruise. Although small in size, this design is rugged and built to take the harsh conditions occasionally found when cruising in coastal waters.

This boat's off for a life on the waters of Portsmouth, Virginia. The owner had seen *Pamet* some years back, and was so taken with her that he tried to convince the owners to part with her, but they wouldn't have it. He learned that the Apprenticeship had built one similar to her (the *Malcolm Brewer*) so he commissioned the Shop to build another, impressed by the craftsmanship and cockpit configuration of the original. Incidentally, *Pamet* was built by Malcolm Brewer himself, which accounts for the name of the Shop-built Gaffer.

"Our modern age, for good or bad, has little place for their (Gaffers') proliferation. But let us hope for some years to come that in a remote cove or two a little wooden ship like them will gladden the eye of us incurable romantics." (James Rockefeller, Jr.)

The Old Gaffer A Passing Era Comes Alive Again

Reprinted with permission from *The Apprentice*, newsletter of Atlantic Challenge, Issue 1 Vol. 9, Winter 2005

Researched & Written by
Trisha Badger & Martin Feracci

"Ships are the nearest things to dreams that hands have ever made, for somewhere deep in their oaken hearts the soul of a song is laid." (Robert N. Rose)



Shop-built Gaffer *Malcolm Brewer*.

These words are especially meaningful to the apprentices in the Shop who again this year focus their energies pursuing the tradition and the love of wooden boats and hopefully helping to transmit to others their passion for the craft.

First and second year apprentices at the Apprenticeship of Atlantic Challenge are currently building one of these 18' double-ended sloops on the ground floor of the Shop. They began in September and will have the boat completed for a July launch. The Gaffer crew consists of Nick Carlson of



Balsam Lake, Wisconsin, Sara Forristall of Newburyport, Massachusetts, Tito Parodi of Genoa, Italy, and Martin Feracci of Gif sur Yvette, France.

The Old Gaffer crew ran into a problem in December. Much to the chagrin of second-year apprentice Nick Carlson, who was cranking in stem and stern, and to first-year Sara Forristall who had hand-hewn the stem from a single piece of timber, the stem broke along a hidden weakness. Luckily a friend and fellow builder had a piece of wood in his stock pile and it's working out just fine. As of mid-December, just before holiday break, they were busy scarfing on the new stem piece. At press time the crew is busy planking, anticipating a festive planking party some time in early February.



SAIPAN

A TINY SAILING PRAM

Designed by

WILLIAM and JOHN ATKIN

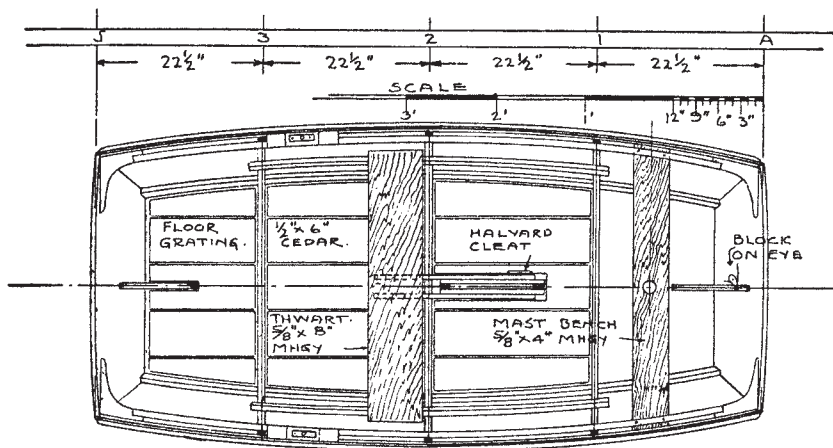
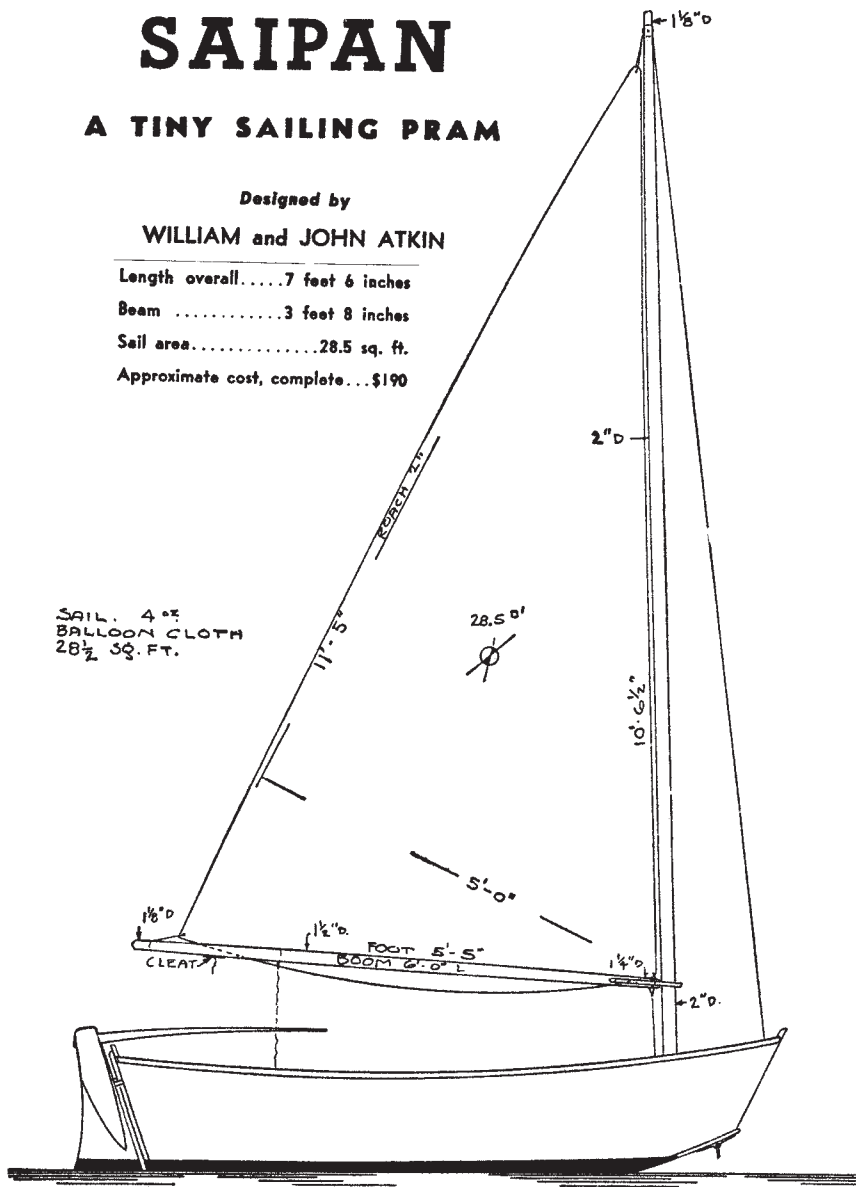
Length overall.....7 feet 6 inches

Beam3 feet 8 inches

Sail area.....28.5 sq. ft.

Approximate cost, complete...\$190

SAIL. 4- $\frac{1}{2}$
BALLOON CLOTH
28 $\frac{1}{2}$ SQ. FT.



Saipan A Tiny Sailing Pram

By William and John Atkin

A year and more ago (mid-1940s, ED) I received a letter and beautifully drawn penciled plans of a 7'6" long sailing pram from my son John. His APO number, care of Postmaster, New York, left me a little uncertain as to where this young man might be, where he was going, and when he might be expected home. We corresponded about the plans of this little boat and thought it appropriate to name her Saipan.

I was glad to see from his seamade drawings that he did not have to resort to Mother Sill's Seasick Remedy as surely as I must have done to accomplish the same. Here are excerpts from some of John's letters from what he whimsically calls The Temporary Marianas Office of Atkin, Naval Architecture.

"Upon completing several months of practical schooling in seamanship, cargo stowage, first aid, signaling, and navigation, we (the graduated students of the Transportation Corps Officers Training School) were assigned to our respective vessels. It was my good fortune to be first officer aboard an exceptionally able 150' seagoing Army tugboat bound for ports unknown. She proved to be a roller of the first magnitude and, Pop, I think you would remark that her designers may have been well acquainted with that little understood thing, metacentric height, but did not know how to introduce it to various other elements that, properly blended, create the perfect ship.

It was anticipated that our voyage was to be of at least a year's duration, destination presumably some place in the far Pacific. Not knowing how well Army and Navy warehouses far over the horizon might be stocked, and not being any too certain of our destination, orders were to anticipate even improbable demands and play safe. After all, not having some simple item aboard might be the difference between success and failure of our mission.

And so among the supplies for "Chips" were some sheets of 3/16" waterproof plywood, screws, waterproof glue, tools, light canvas, sail twine, cordage, boatbuilding lumber, and odd pieces of marine hardware. Patching up frequent damage to the motor launch and the lifeboat, building stowage boxes and lockers for the pilothouse, and similar repairs used most of these things. We saved the balance and the waste for future repairs.

Thus our vessel, finally in a semblance of shipshapeness and order, left Wheeler's Shipyard at Whitestone, Long Island, one cold December night bound for the New York Port of Embarkation, the Narrows, and our unknown, over-the-rim-of-the-world destination.

I have always wished to build a little boat and now the time available while off watch seemed an opportune time to begin. The skipper of the *L.T.*, a wonderful seafaring man, Captain Jacob Fredenborg of Oslo, Norway, liked the notion of building a boat. Good for the morale of the crew but he thought we should build a 40' North Sea double-ender, it would be a damned nice thing to have aboard in case the tug should

founder. Just float off and set sail for the Islands of the Blest. We were afraid we might not have sufficient waste and leftover lumber for his ambitious enterprise, and so I used my spare time designing this little pram.

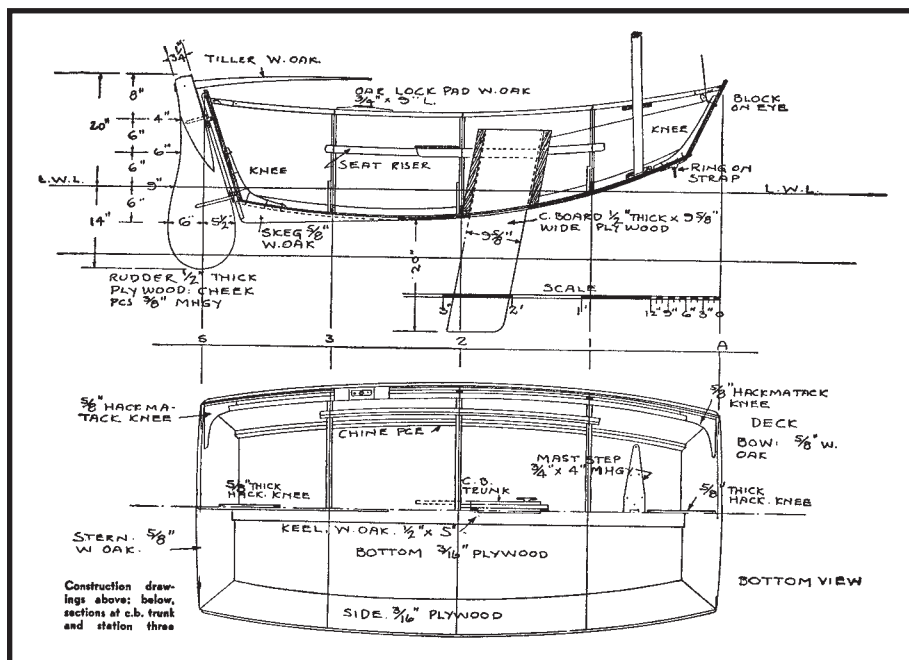
Her dimensions are dictated by the odd pieces of plywood we have on hand and the other scantlings by the odds and ends of lumber available. And she comes out 7' 6" in overall length, 3' 8" breadth with a depth at station 2 of 18-3/4". The chart table made an excellent drafting board and I spent many hours with the tug rolling and pitching working on the plans. I hope you approve of them and, Pop, make any corrections you wish. We want a little boat in which to explore the harbors and lagoons of the romantic islands of the Pacific which seem to be our goal.

After a fairly successful voyage, our tug towing a tremendous dredge at a speed of 3kts, we arrived at the Panama Canal, passed through, and proceeded to Los Angeles, California. To our utter surprise we were all re-assigned. The Lord only knows why, one does not argue with the Army. The crew were not re-assigned as a unit, but individually. Some of the men returned to New York with Captain Fredenborg, so we shipped to San Francisco and I was assigned to an FS, a wholesome looking freight vessel about 170' in overall length.

As first officer I again found myself writing lists of all the deck equipment and supplies we had left on the tug. Swabs, varnish, line, canvas, paint, screws, boat nails, chipping hammers (which, by the way, have the strangest manner of slipping overboard the moment the Bosun has his eye turned away), boat cedar, some pieces of oak, waterproof glue, copper rivets, hardware, tools, and oddly enough some sheets of 3/16" thick waterproof plywood, this time for some work to be done in the pilot house and for the usual boxes and repair work on the launch and life boats. There is always more or less waste when using sheet material like plywood for boat repairs or building in connection with boats, so many jib-shaped pieces were left over, and strips as well. Once the FS was ready for sea with cargo stowed, ammunition, gun crew, food, and all supplies aboard for a long voyage, we slipped out of Wilmington, passed to the northward of Catalina Island with Honolulu our destination.

My new skipper is an Englishman, Captain Fred F. Ellis, an able and kindly man who understands the sea and appreciates the difficulties under which we all serve. He became enthusiastic about building the pram when opportunity came for this kind of recreation. Like Captain Fredenborg he felt we should build something larger if we had proper tools and materials which, of course, we did not have. And so we compromised on little Saipan.

Westward our passage brought us very close to Japanese held islands, too close, which is another story. We touched at Kwajalein and, slipping past many dangerous low-lying atolls which tested our skill in navigation and seamanship, finally rounded up in the Marianas, but not without a chase by an American destroyer in the dark hours who was uninformed of our recognition signal and supposed we were Japanese, that was a bad time and to be remembered along with other similar incidents; for instance, one of the Jap bombs at Okinawa that



exploded in the water all too close to the FS for comfort.

Pop, I completed the design of the pram in what I like to call our temporary office in the Marianas aboard the FS in the little harbor of Tanapac, Saipan. We built the boat on the forward deck from odds and ends during our regular passages from Saipan to Okinawa. Somehow we got off on the wrong foot here because the building stocks were on the windward side of the ship, consequently every sea drenched the builders as we proceeded in convoy to that far-famed bloody island where sleep forever so many of our friends and enemies.

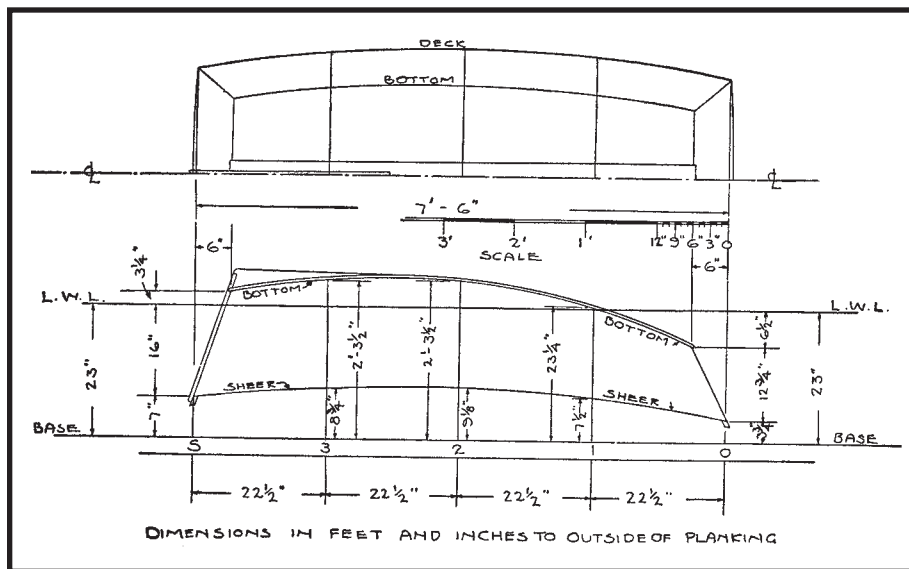
We laid the lines down full size and followed the plans to the last dot and crossed T because it is the best way to begin work on a new boat, and because I knew you would have found that I had attempted a shortcut and been roundly chided for it by mail from far-off Darien, Connecticut.

We sailed in the "romantic" harbors and lagoons of many of the islands off Iwo Jima, at Ie Shima, in Apra Harbor at Guam, in Tanapac, off the destroyed city of Naha,

Okinawa, and found their romance unmatched by the lovely places we have cruised: Hamburg Cove, Shelter Island, Marblehead, Block Island, and so many, many other yachting harbors.

The war is over now. We are at Okinawa, the Japs have quit. Our little ship is firing her guns in an ecstasy of joy. Thousands and thousands of other ships' guns are blazing. The sky is streaked with yellow, blue, white, and red lights. All hell has broken loose because the war is over. It is a happy night. One of these days I shall be coming home but little Saipan will remain in the service. Good little pram, Saipan, I salute you for having taken our minds away from the lonesomeness of the war."

That, Shipmates, is my son's story about the designing and building of the 7' 6" sailing pram Saipan. The other dimensions on this craft are: breadth on deck, 3' 8"; breadth on bottom, 2' 7-1/2"; freeboard at the bow, 19-1/4" inches; least freeboard, 14"; freeboard at the stern, 16". The deck arrangement shows center thwart and mast bench thwart with oak. The centerboard trunk is



The little boat will be built bottom side up. First lay down the lines to full size from the lines and offset dimensions given on the plans and from the full size sections make the frames. Set these up at the correct intervals with sheer lines above the floor to the dimensions given for the three forms. Use strong bracing to hold the frames plumb, square across the center line, and at the right distance from the floor. The side frames will be made of white oak 3/4" thick, 1-1/2" at the bottom, 1" at the sheer. The bottom frames will be made of 3/4"x1-1/2" white oak. Fasten the chine corners with chine knees made of 5/8" thick white oak. Use screws and waterproof glue for fastenings.

The oak keel will be made from 1/2"x5" white oak, fasten to the bottom with #6 brass screws 3/4" long, driving the screws from the inside of the plywood and into the oak keel. Avoid driving screws in the way of the centerboard trunk cut so they will interfere with the fastenings that hold the trunk in place. Use waterproof glue between keel and bottom. The trunk will be made of 5/8" thick oak or mahogany, headledges 3/4"x1-1/4", made of white oak. Fasten the trunk up through the keel and bottom with 2-1/2" long

(Atkin boat plans are available today from Pat Atkin, Atkin Boat Plans, Box 3005, Noroton, CT 06820, <apatatkin@aol.com>, www.atkinboatplans.com)

Amateur boatbuilding has been a great hobby for me. It has kept me from being tempted to run down to the local plastic boat dealer and sign up for 60 EZ payments. I have learned new skills by myself and been taught by some great people over the years. The cost is pretty low, if you don't count your labor as worth anything. Most important of all, I end up with a unique craft that is as personal as my signature. You can't have this pride of ownership with a store bought boat and, in my way of thinking, the finish details are a big part of this signature.

The end of a project has always been my favorite because I enjoy varnishing. My boats have layers of the stuff on them and I don't mind having to maintain this yacht-like finish. I look forward to opening the garage door and having the sweet aroma of a varnished deck greet me. I turn on the light and see it reflected in this perfect finish and I just stand there and savor the moment.

You don't need to own a Hinckley or a Swan to enjoy this feeling. My current fleet consists of a 1950 Chris Craft Riviera, two plywood sea kayaks, and a rowing skiff. The Chris Craft is totally bright while the skiff and kayaks have an eye pleasing contrast of varnished decks, seats, and rubrails with painted topsides and interiors. With boats like this I can indulge my varnish fantasies for the foreseeable future and have fun on the water in a variety of ways. I don't think that I'm crazy and I certainly am not alone with my infatuation of shiny boats. For those of you not so afflicted, I will attempt to explain my philosophy and then show you how easy it can be to join me.

Is a good paint and varnish job really worth the effort? I say yes, yes, yes. I'm paid back for my hours spent varnishing by the smell, the look, the feel, and, of course, the compliments. I can't help but chuckle, and my wife is constantly amazed, when we take our Lil Gem plywood skiff down to the lake and take the cover off. You would think I was the last of a dying breed of old world craftsmen by the way the crowd gathers to look at this modest skiff. The ramp is crowded with \$40,000 bass boats that go totally ignored while their owners gawk at \$600 worth of wood that is glued and screwed together.

They run their hands over the rubrails and seats and ask me how in the heck I learned to get a finish like that. My wife quietly walks away, choking back tears of laughter as I wax poetically about the building process of this humble craft in front of my new group of buddies. By the time it's our turn to launch we have many hands helping us and making sure that we don't scratch the rubrails or ding the topsides. No requests for autographs yet, but I'm still hopeful. The same thing happens with the kayaks and reactions to the Chris Craft are just plain "off the charts."

How do I know that varnish gets me all of this attention? I'm not what you would call a "Down East" boatbuilder. My joinery skills are self taught and leave something to be desired, but I have learned that most people ignore small building flaws when admiring a gleaming varnish job and the character of the wood it exposes. Also, by leaving my mistakes exposed, I am constantly reminded that I need to improve and not make the same mistake on the next boat. There are naysayers in the small boat community who advocate a "workboat" type of finish and say that brightwork is for "yachties." If that is true,

A Case for Brightwork

By Gary "Luke" Lukoski

then sign me up for the New York Yacht Club and run up the varnishing flag. The plain finish of working craft is great if you are fishing for a living or finding other work on the water. I'm playing and I like my boats to look good. I have worked out a varnish program over the years that gives me the finish I enjoy with a minimum of time. Here is how it works.

I usually finish my boats with two to three coats of MAS epoxy (except the Chris Craft). This brand of epoxy with slow hardener doesn't produce that nasty amine blush that the makers of other epoxies tell me is so easy to wash off (it isn't). I sand progressively with #100, #150, and finish with #220 grit paper. I vacuum and wash the area with diluted denatured alcohol. Then I start varnishing and here is where I take a shortcut. I discovered Epifanes a few years ago and recently started using their Wood Finish Gloss product, developed for teak and other oily woods, but it works great on any type of wood. It doesn't require sanding between coats as long as you re-coat within 48 hours.

I use this product for my build-up and quickly apply five to six coats, one per day. Then on the large flat areas I get out my trusty Porter Cable 5" random orbital sander with #220 grit and grind off at least three coats to fair the surface. Rounded surfaces and hard to reach areas have to be hand sanded. Once fair, I go back to the Wood Finish Gloss for three more coats, then sand fair

again with #220 grit. This sanding is very quick and painless. To finish, I use the traditional Epifanes gloss varnish for the last two coats sanding lightly between with a 3M fine sanding pad.

That's it. Three sanding phases and the rest is varnishing. I always keep the area antiseptically clean and use my vacuum and alcohol rinse religiously after sanding. Of course, the tack rag is the final tool to combat dust. I use the roller and tipping method wherever I can, with 1/8" nap foam roller and foam brushes. Clean-up is easy. I just throw the roller, disposable pan, and brush away after every coat. I'm a baby boomer and classic rock on the radio keeps me motivated during varnishing and I believe it improves the final result.

Using this method I have never encountered any varnishing problems and I have to wonder when I read articles or hear people describing convoluted procedures and rituals that are supposed to be followed in order to come up with an acceptable bright finish. The yearly maintenance stories are also a myth. I live in Florida and take some common sense precautions to protect my brightwork from the weather. I cover my boats or put them inside when not in use. I built my skiff in 1999 and will be doing the first maintenance re-coating this spring (2005). The kayaks were built in 2002 and I may do maintenance on them next year. The key here is good varnish and at least ten base coats to begin with.

I admit, this is more work than slapping a coat of Home Depot's best on and calling it good. Then again, if I wanted less work I could have just signed up for the 60 EZ payments and gone fishing. Maybe I am crazy.



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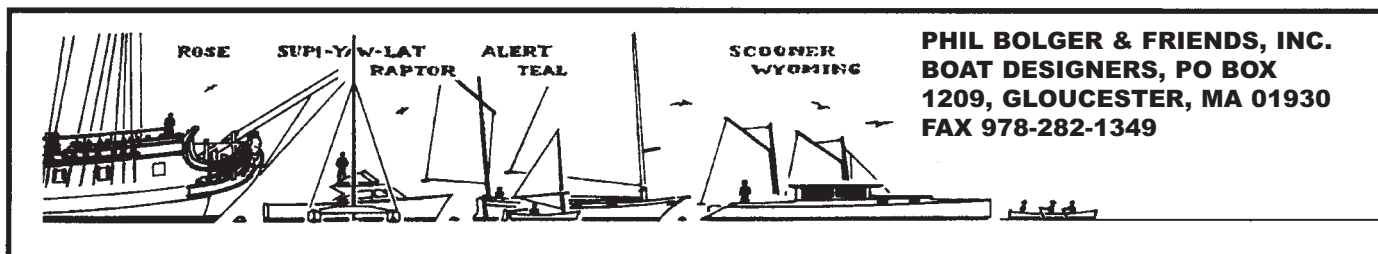
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In August last summer we attended the second meet of the Queen Mab Class, this time at the M.I.T. sailing pavilion on the Charles River Basin in Cambridge, Massachusetts. I have vivid memories of an intercollegiate meet there on an Easter Sunday when the wind gusted wildly around the buildings with squalls of snow. This time we had ideal weather, warm, just enough wind to show the paces of the little yachts, marred only by Susanne's peaking case of poison ivy which made her face almost unrecognizable but didn't quite preclude her photography.

Karen Seo's *Maltese Cat* debuted. Karen was the originator of the class, having commissioned the design with the object of a high-end yacht that she could build herself and keep in a city apartment when it wasn't in use. She'd made a fine job of a demanding project, with nicely lined-off lapstrake planking and gleaming finish. The name is that of the smart and sportsmanlike polo pony in the

Bolger on Design

Queen Mab Update on Design #638

Rudyard Kipling short story with that title, an inspired name for the agile and cooperative boat.

From the other side of the Charles River John Storrow had brought his *Empress* on his shoulder along Boston city streets to launch and sail across the basin to join the fleet. Another professional-looking job built in a city apartment.

Al Straub again brought the beautiful *Minnie*, with her distinctive bright varnished sheer strake, from Michigan for the occasion. Phil Dietterich and Dick Brown came over on the Nantucket Ferry with *Catnip*. Bill

Burgess was there from Topsfield with *Nell*. Five boats in all, but there were quite a few other people interested in the class, including Christer Bystrom from Sweden and, at the other extreme, somebody who had never heard of the class but glimpsed the boats sailing as he drove by and came rushing in to investigate.

Racing was informal brushes, the mood was not competitive, and the yachts were freely traded off and made available to would-be builders to get a feel of the sharp foot-pedal handling. It was interesting to see the variety of detail interpretations to match each builder/owner's needs.

Plans of the Queen Mab Class, our Design #638, are available for \$100 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube; six 22" x 34" drawings with much full-size detail, a comprehensive key, and a 30-minute video, *Audience With Queen Mab*. The video is available separately for \$20ppd, deductible from a later plans purchase.





John Storrow in Empress, driving fast all of 3.5kts.



Karen Seo's Maltese Cat, the original commission, in action, nicely executed.



Phil Ditterich in Brown's Catnip, brought over from Nantucket by car, ferry and car.



Organizer Karen Seo beside her Maltese Cat on the dock.



The designer with his trademark end plate rudder.



Empress lifts her pretty stern as John Storrow boards.

The fleet assembled on the dock.



Al Straub in Minnie, nicely lined off lapstrake, all the way from Michigan.

Well, this is just my opinion but I'll state it plain. They ain't worth a flip. When Jane and I were coming back to the shop pulling the Rescue Minor on voting day which, I'll tell you what I think about that right now. It was rough. I normally don't cross this bay when it is like that.

During the night it blew one gust that was at least 45. I didn't get up and turn on the weather radio but I have a system. We have this thing that we used to manufacture as an adjunct to the boat business a long time ago and which will crush an aluminum can into a little accordion folded thing just as flat as a quarter. Any child can do it and it is a handy thing to have in a place like ours where we have to haul every darn thing back and forth in a little skiff and wade ashore and carry it through 200' of deep sand and up 25' of rickety stairs.

The situation has evolved down to a bunch of rules. One is no damned glass bottled drinks. An empty glass bottle weighs just as much as a full one. Which brings up another one of those inexplicable conundrums. Why is it that beer is not packaged in plastic bottles like soda waters? I like a little beer from time to time as a luxury item. It is a holdover from the old hunter gatherer days of our youth when we would find some money somewhere and go to town and gather a one quart bottle of Budweiser and come back home and share it in celebration.

Oh yeah, the crushed beer can wind speed indicator works like this. We have a milk crate (not stolen) we keep the crushed cans in. Due to certain procrastinatory tendencies of mine it is always full. We rake the pile off the top into a plastic grocery bag to take to the mainland from time to time but I can't remember the last time we actually got to the bottom of the thing. It takes 45 knots of wind to blow crushed cans off the pile. When we are lying in the bed listening to the wind and we hear the flat cans hit the porch floor we say in unison, "45 knots."

On voting day morning it had slacked off to where the little synthetic German on the weather radio said that the sea tower offshore was reading a steady 28 and apt to stay

LED Taillight Update

By Robb White

that way. We would have certainly stayed on the island if it hadn't been voting day. As it was, the wind was exactly onshore (SE) so it was a following sea situation and I knew it was rough out in the bay. You know how a lee looks when it is blowing hard with those streaks on the water wiggling like a snake as the little ripples begin to build into the hellish chop they'll grow up to be? They look anxious to get with it to me.

We shrugged our shoulders and loaded and closed up. Though we had on our glad rags so as not to appear disreputable to the poll watchers, we did not put on our slicker suits because the Rescue Minor is dead dry easing downwind like that. I am not going to tell you about every wave but it was a squirrely trip. The old boat is real good in a following sea situation what with that uncanny rudder control and the big, round bow to rise like it ought to and Atkin's Jersey-style box keel to make it want to stay straight. The only problem is that it is about 3' too long for the average wave length and, when the bow got on the back of wave, the next one was crowding the stern.

I have to dispel a myth. Tumblehome (even tumblehome as radical as this boat) does not invite water to wash up into a boat. A breaking wave on the beach will slap the side or stern of a boat hard enough to splash in no matter what the shape, but the water in sea waves does not actually move forward. Any particle of water makes an elliptical circular motion less than half the amplitude of the wave as it passes but there is no net forward motion. The wave moves downwind but the water doesn't. It is hard to explain in words but it is easy to observe on a seawall or a piling in deep water and that's why those vertical sided boats like some Phil Bolger designs are so dry (and seaworthy). So is tumblehome.

The only time water in waves moves much is when the bottom of the wave touches the bottom of the ocean so that, in order for it to keep its same amplitude and stay in agreement with the law that says that energy can't just vanish, it has to rise up. After it gets to a certain height a little bit of the top becomes unstable and falls forward and slides down the face of the wave and up on the beach, but that's the only water that actually rushes anywhere because of wave action. That's why surfers who pass up a wave don't have to work very hard to stay where they are. They just rise up and come down with the water as the waves pass.

Whitecaps and breaking seas in deep water are caused by the wind blowing the tops off of the waves and by confused seas (like wakes) interfering with each other. If you stand in the stern of a tugboat as it backs slowly down when it is rough, you can see that there is no movement of the water up the reverse rake of the stern bulwarks. The boat just moves through the water as if it was stationary because the water is stationary. Whitecaps blow in on the guys taking in the towline but that's it.

Both the bow and stern of the Rescue Minor are big enough to float the boat even if it is trying to bridge the gap between crests and running slow doesn't throw water so it was a dry trip. The rudder control, even with the engine idling, is certainly excellent and I

was glad of that. The tide was falling and, with that onshore wind, you ought to have seen the mouth of the river. Not only was it real rough, but the darn Air Force boat was coming in at the same time trying to cause a confused sea. It is about 60' long and will plane. We used to call those kinds of boats "grocery boats" when I was on the tug.

They are built down in Louisiana to haul supplies out to oil rigs. We watched some of them being built while we were in the shipyard having the bottom of the tug half-soleed again. The ones we saw being built had a steel hull and an aluminum house and were pretty good boats. There are some much bigger supply boats that we used to call "pipe boats" because they hauled drill pipe and casings. We imagined the smaller ones like the Air Force has were hauling groceries. There were some even smaller ones that we called "crew boats."

The Air Force runs a civilian crew on their grocery boat and they are all old hands and very capable. They have a bunch of strange towers all out in the Gulf and they have to go out there and change light bulbs and batteries (I guess). These towers are designated by letters on the chart. The one that the weather radio German calls "sea" tower is actually "C" tower but, of course, he doesn't know that because his brain is digital. I wonder if he operates in the digitorectal mode? If his battery was dead, he wouldn't be able to function at all.

We tried to figure out a way to get in the river without having to involve ourselves with the combined mess of the Air Force's wake and the darn falling tide onshore wind situation put together but we couldn't. "Time to find out a thing or two about a thing or two, Jane," I said.

"Yep," was her reply. It was pretty darn washy alright but we didn't get a drop of water in the boat. It is the wind that does that and it was exactly our speed. That is the first time the exhaust stayed with us for any length of time. It wasn't bad, though. At least it wasn't one of those stinking two cycle Detroit diesels.

The only trouble we had was on the hill. The first thing was the boat ramp. The wind was blowing right straight up the river and there were whitecaps right at the ramp. We got her on there but the waves made it a messy business. "Thank goodness these taillight are totally waterproof, Jane," said me.

"Yep," she said, "\$60 ought to count for something."

"Yep," said me.

On the way to the highway after voting (paper ballots, y'all), damned if the sheriff didn't pull me over. I have known the man ever since he was a boy and he actually was the elected sheriff. Of course, he didn't know that at the time... thought he was just a deputy. We had just voted for him and learned later that he had won. He knows me, too. "Your trailer lights aren't working," he said. "You know, I really was surprised to see that, Mr. White. I know what a stickler you are about every little thing." He continued, "I mean, I think you are the only person in Franklin County who uses turn signals... maybe in the whole state of Florida."

"You going to write me a ticket there, Mike?" I asked.

"Certainly not. I just thought you would want to know. I think you are the only citizen of Franklin County with taillight on a trailer, too."



We rode on back to the shop in confidence knowing that we were part of at least one majority.

The Outcome:

Well, I thought it had to be the wiring up under the truck. I mean I am not the type to get out and move every little limb in the road when I am driving on the old home place and there is a possibility that something might have got snatched a loose up under there. The confidence instilled by them \$60 taillight had made me complacent and I had thrown off the trailer light paranoia with which I have lived for 50 years so I hadn't checked. When I got home I got my rug and crawled the whole underside of the truck but all my 15-year-old solder joints wrapped with that self amalgamating electrical tape were still good.

Finally I decided to actually think a little bit for a change so I unhooked the Rescue Minor and backed up to Old New and plugged its trailer (with brand new conventional lights... \$16.95) up and, lo and behold, everything worked just fine. So I went to troubleshooting. Son Sam was the one who wired the Rescue Minor trailer and he is, I believe, the world's most experienced automotive wiring expert. That's what he did when he was young... install aftermarket radios in people's cars. He would take a 12" hole saw to the door panel of a brand new Porsche in a New York second. When he put it in, it stayed working and he always had plenty of business. No little crimped connector ever came unwiggled, killing off the tweeter on anybody's jam because he (like me) likes a solder style connection so I knew the trailer's wiring wasn't at fault.

That left just two possibilities... both taillight were shot or I wasn't getting ground to the trailer. You know trailer grounding to the car is a precarious business. Actually, grounding anything to a car is a precarious business. Usually any electrical malfunction (short of digital) can be traced to a faulty ground situation. What happens is that it is hard to get a good attachment to steel. Now that they have all these aluminum style engines, it is better and cast iron wasn't bad but the negative battery wire still has to attach to the body of the car or the radio won't play good and all sorts of peculiarities will develop with the heater and some cars (old style Chrysler for one) will burn up the voltage regulator.

When you start having crazy trouble, root around until you find the ground strap from the engine to the body and make sure it is hooked up good. Some of that aluminum house wiring gism on the clean steel will help a lot. All it is is some grease with zinc dust in it. One brand is "No-Al-Ox" but you can just go to the electrical place and tell them you want a tube of that aluminum wire gism. They'll know what you are talking about.

When the trailer lights start acting peculiar, make sure the white wires on both sides of the plug are hooked to something besides rust. The Rescue Minor's trailer is aluminum so that wasn't it. Instead of crawling all around under the truck again, I got my little jumper battery and bypassed the whole mess altogether. The damned taillight, both of them, were shot. Not only that, but there was nothing to do about it but replace the damned things.

Damned hide-bound WalMart was not sympathetic in the least even though I had

my little receipt. There was a big deal factory warranty of ten years so I called the distributor (the factory is in China) and he said that the only thing that goes wrong with the lights was that hairline cracks develop around the mounting studs from overtightening the nuts. He would replace the lights, though. I immediately went to look with my magnifying glass and the hairline cracks were there, alright. I don't know if I overtightened them or the rigors of the road had gotten to them or they need to be made of sterner stuff, but I am through with the damned things so I declined the offer of replacement.

I mean, I have had taillight problems all my life and I could always squat beside the road and change bulbs and scrape and wiggle and get the damned things to work a little longer. I can file points in a distributor and clean stopped-up jets on a carburetor, too. I don't care how wondrous modern technology is, if it will defect on you there is nothing you can do about it. I ain't going to depend on any kind of digital device if I can help it. I mean, if the EFI on the car cuts the engine completely off on you, what the hell is the point of raising the hood and looking down in there at what must be an engine even if it is sitting sideways, invisible under a big piece of plastic? You might as well get the cell phone and (if your battery isn't dead yet) helplessly call Mr. Goodwrench to come tow you in and change out a bunch of \$300 modules until it runs again. I know y'all are tired of my negativity, but phooey on volunteering to give up independence for any reason.

So, since we had to go right back to the coast after a brief visit with our busy grandchildren, I had to put some damned taillight on the trailer. I decided to seek professional help. I have been more or less closely associated with the only boat dealer in town for 60 years. They have been the OMC dealer for 80 years. It is a family operation like in the good old days. The old man is dead now and I know it is not good to speak ill of folks in that position so I won't.

He was the hardheadedest man (my mother was the hardheadedest woman) I ever knew. I don't think that is a bad thing for somebody to be either as long as the person has the ability to think for himself, which this man (and my mother) did. Anyway, his passion was Evinrude and Lyman and if you wanted to buy a boat from him, that's what you got.

He was right, too. It was hard to beat that combination... impossible if you lived around here and didn't know how to fix your own motor. He wouldn't work on any other kind... wouldn't touch even a Johnson. Japanese? Child, please. He said that anybody who didn't know that every single man over there hated every single man over here was a damned fool.

He could replace the stem in a Lyman in about 45 minutes... transom in an hour and a half. If you bought a boat and motor from him he would keep them in good shape for you and guarantee all his fixing to stay fixed, but if you brought in an Evinrude you had bought someplace else, though he would fix it and do an honest job, you were on your own. If he found out that somebody else had worked on a motor he sold you... whew.

You know OMC (Bombardier?) machines the seat for the bearings in crankcases after the two halves are bolted together. You can't just take half a crankcase off of

one motor and put it on another one. They have to be matched off the same motor. Most people don't know that and that is the main trouble with crankshaft and bearing problems.

Somebody will run one hot enough to booger up something or not get the oil mixed right and some jackleg repairman will rummage in the pile and pull out a few things and put together what he calls "a new powerhead" and the customer will get out there way out of paddling range and the misalignment of the bearings will either eat something up or break something (like the crankshaft) and there he'll be. Then he'll finally take it to my buddy. He knows he'll have to eat a lot of crow and get looked at funny but it is either that or buy a new motor. I have seen it happen a bunch of times.

The son runs the place now and he is a chip off the old blockhead if there ever was one. His customer relations policy is even worse for me because we are exactly the same age and have had something like a rivalry for all our lives. He doesn't mince words with me. Well, he doesn't mince words with anybody but especially not me. "What the hell you want?" he demanded as soon as I got out of the truck. "I know you ain't going to buy no motor so you must have come up on something you can't handle," he continued.

"What do you do about taillight?" I inquired politely. Like I said, I know the man and I know damned well that he does not like to sit on a stool out in the hot, dusty yard and fiddle-fart around with no boat trailer taillight while the customer pats his foot.

"Come here and I'll show you," he stated as he walked off to one of his raggedy buildings. "You buy these and this and I'll give you this," he said as he placed two dusty taillight, an antique looking tube of grease, and a rusty acid brush on top of the polyester resin drum he uses for a counter. "That'll be 40 bucks... cash." I was gone in a hundredth of the time it took to find out that WalMart wasn't going to give me back my 60 bucks.


Here is what I found out. The taillight are "Made in USA"... bulbs, too, nickel plated base style. The brand is "Dry Launch" and have probably been "outsourced" by now. The new-old stock lights are made out of Lexan™ instead of that self-cracking polystyrene crap most taillight are made out of. They are open base style where the bulb is kept dry by air trapped in the sealed (?... I'll let you know) top and the guts slide out the open bottom. Though the guts are still plated steel (dammit) they look better than \$16.95 lights.

That's what the grease and the acid brush are for. He said it was special grease and would completely prevent corrosion on anything under any circumstances. I knew better than to raise my eyebrows even the least little bit or cock my head even slightly or express doubt ever so subtly when he said that, but we'll see. It is OMC (not Bombardier) "Triple Guard" and is blue and about as stiff as molten plastic. It smells like molten plastic, too. I don't know what the hell it is but it is very hard to paint on all them little guts and bulb of a taillight with an acid brush and all the data is not in but I don't think you can wash it off your hands. That orange citrus hand cleaner won't touch it, I had to use diesel fuel and still didn't get it all. Don't get it on you.

I'll let you know.

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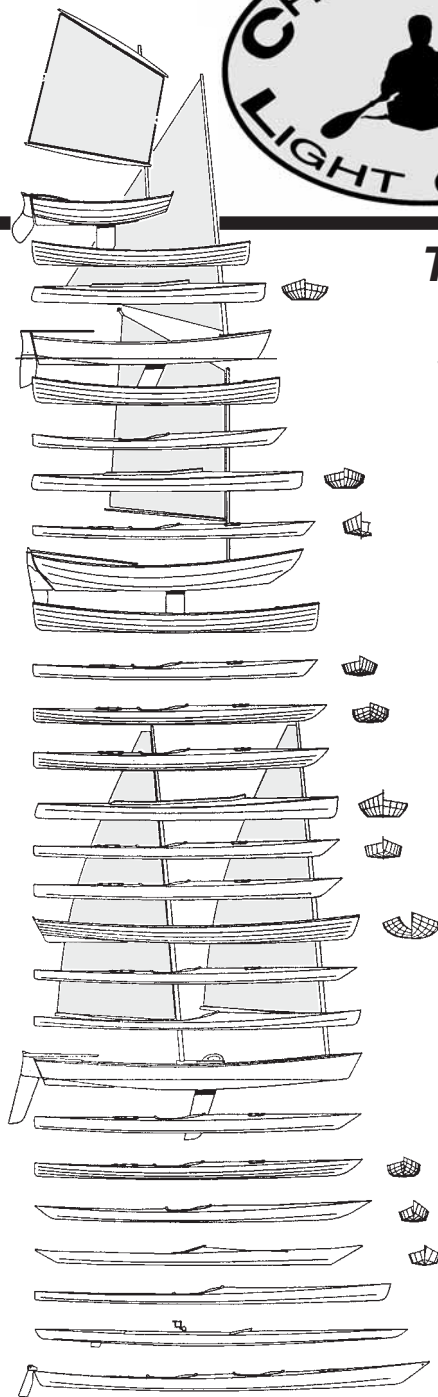
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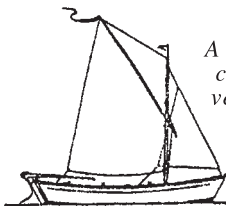
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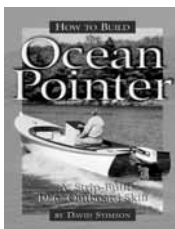
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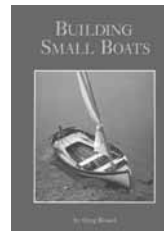
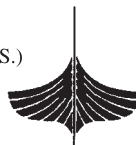
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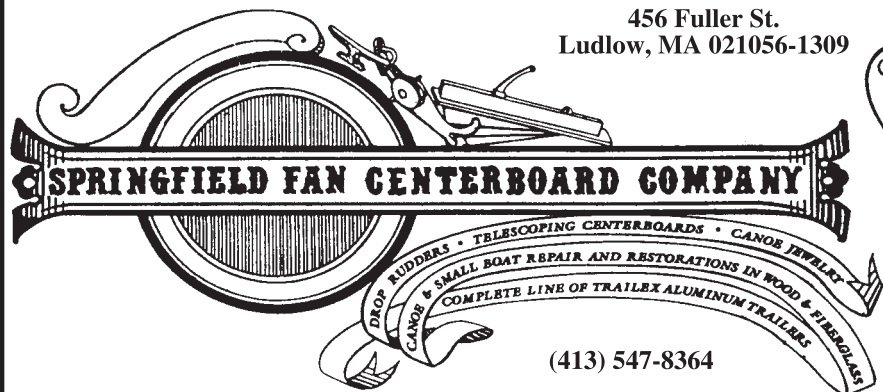
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"DOC" CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435, <edeshea@tdstelme.net> (22)

15' FG 420, sloop or cat rig. Main, spinnaker, trlr.
PETER BROWN, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163 (21)

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NICK SCHEUER, Rockford, IL, (815) 398-5640, <nscheuer@insightbb.com> (21)

Mainsail & Jib, Snipe main, luff 16' ft, foot 8', boltrope on both. Include battens. Gd to exc cond. Wayfarer (?) Jib, luff 13', leech 13', foot 9'. Incl 38' yacht braid 3/8" sheets. Gd to exc cond. \$30 for each or \$50 for both plus shipping.
JAKE JACOBS, Ellijay, GA, (706) 636-3797, <jakejacobs@ellijay.com> (22)

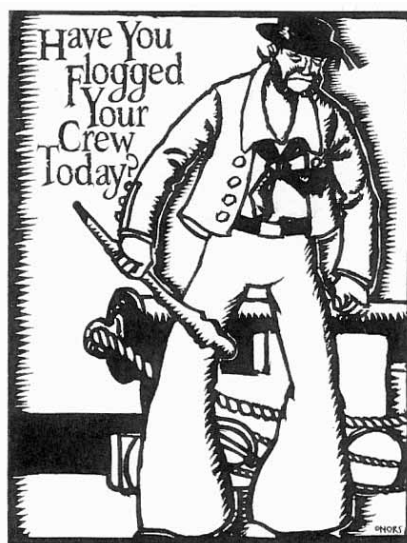
Complete Sailing Rig, for Joel White Designed Shellback Pristine cond, used maybe 6 times. Varnished spruce spars, custom sail by Gambell & Hunter. Gorgeous handmade rosewood and gold leaf tiller. \$1,200 obo.
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CANOEYARD, 451 Putney Rd., Brattleboro, VT 05301, (802) 257-5008, (802) 257-0318 (22)

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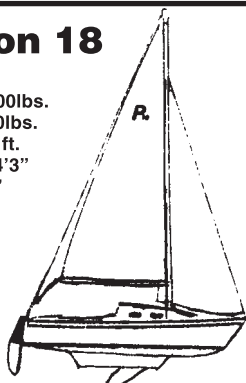


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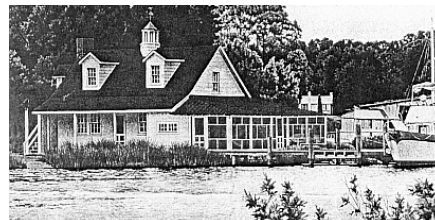
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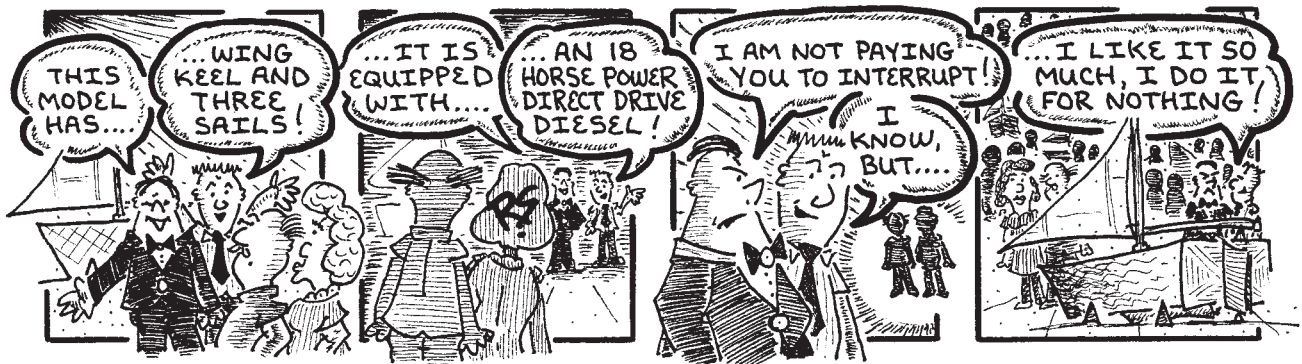
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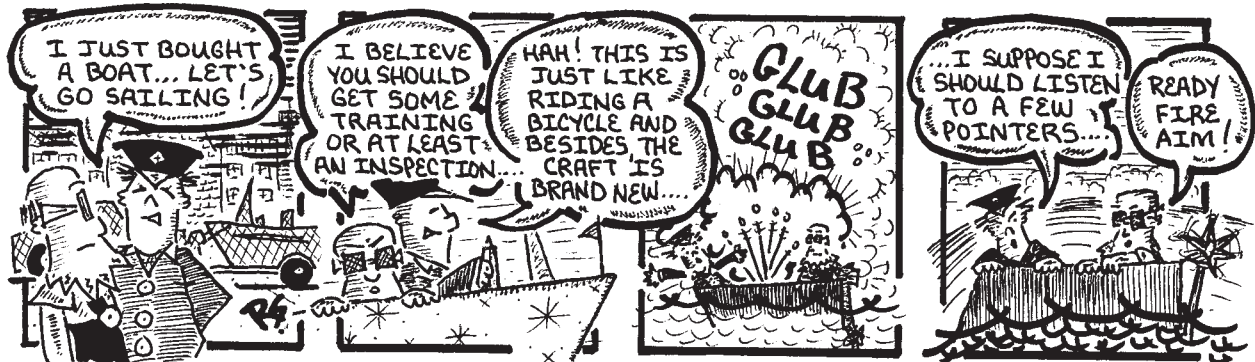
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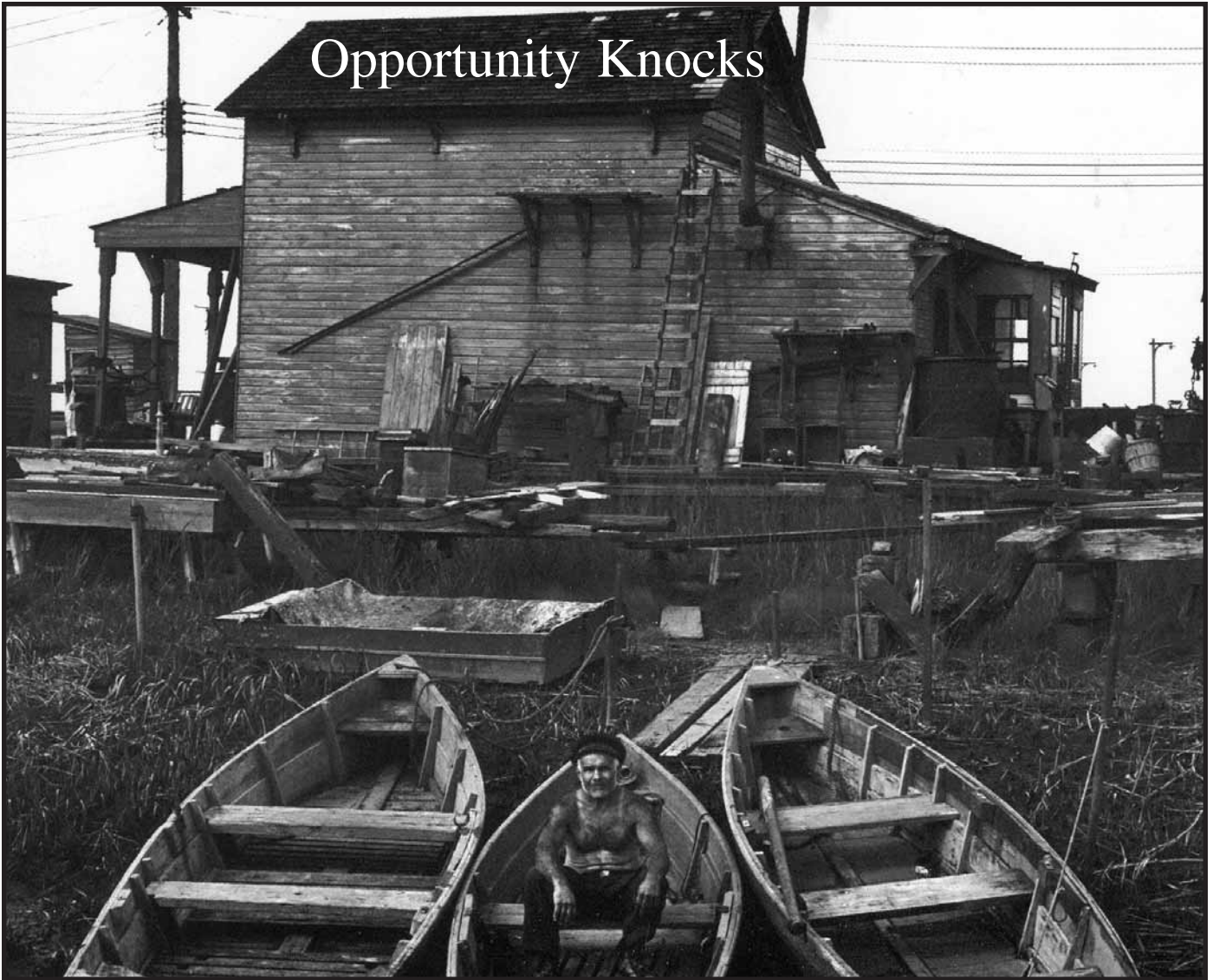
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